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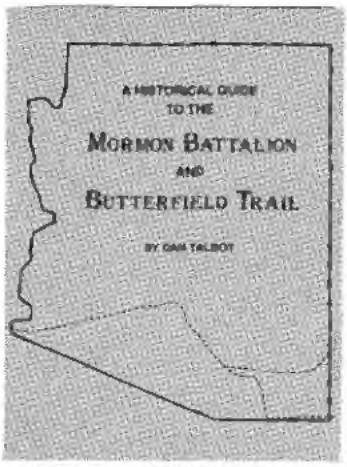

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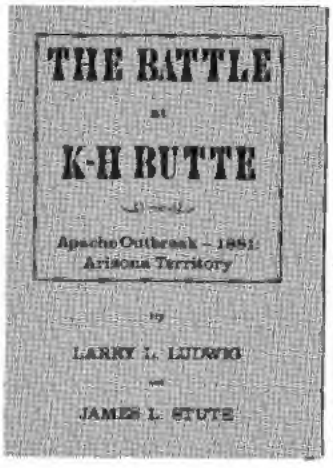

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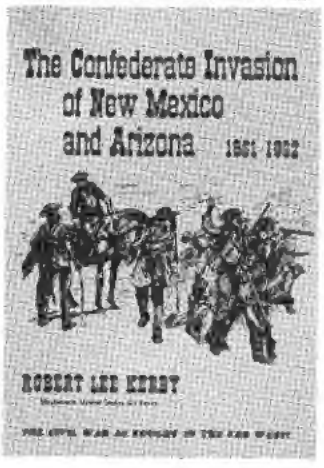

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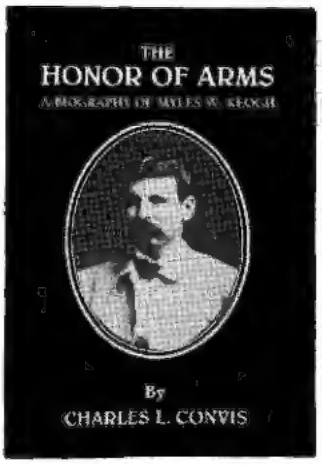

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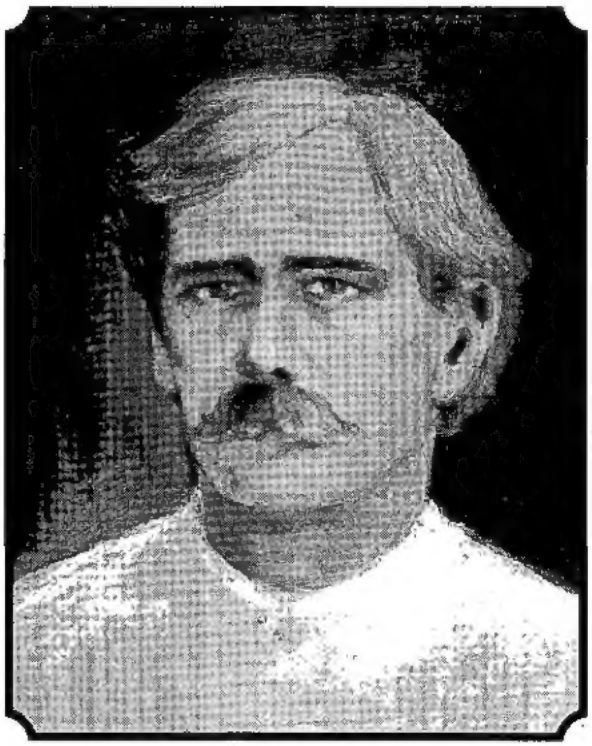

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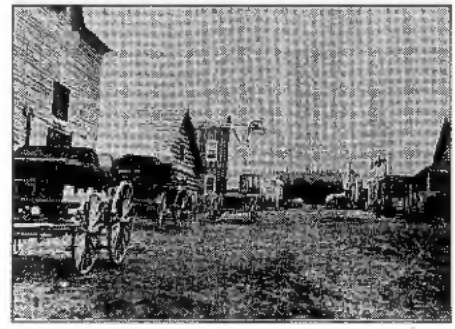

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Our Cover

Cowboy Casino by Buckeye Blake.

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FROM THE EDITOR

Howdy, folks!

I'm happy to report that I was murdered recently—shot three times—at the OK Corral. It happened on the streets of Tombstone, Arizona, as recreated in a conference room at the Hotel Denver in the city of the same name. The cause of the altercation was the annual convention of the Western Outlaw and Lawman Association, affectionately known as WOLA. I'm here today to tell you that my death convinced me more than ever of the difficulty historians face in reconstructing the past.

It started when a feller named Tim Hushion, an attorney from Santa Barbara, California, showed up armed with cap pistols and a teddy bear to give a talk entitled (take a deep breath) "From Methodology to Probable Cause: How a Forensic Study Was Developed to Indicate Criminal Liability at the OK Corral."

In the last year Mr. Hushion completed a 1,500 hour forensic study of the shootout to determine whether Justice of the Peace Wells Spicer had probable cause to believe that the Earps had acted criminally when they killed Billy Clanton and Frank and Tom McLaury.

Spicer, as you'll recall turned the Earps loose. Mr. Hushion, on the other hand, concluded that Spicer did indeed have probable cause and the case should have gone to trial. Like everything else related to the fight—if you could even call it that—Hushion's paper raised some hackles, and the discussion got a mite heated. But the fun started when Hushion staged a reenactment of the shootout. His cast of stars—draftees, not volunteers—included yours truly in the unenviable role of Billy Clanton.

My part was simple enough. When the Earp brothers and Doc Holliday strode up to us with guns drawn, I was directed to reach out to ward off Morgan's pistol and say, "Don't shoot me, I don't want a fight." My line was easy to remember because it was exactly what I would have said in real life. Then Morgan shot me in the hand, spinning me into the wall. As I struggled, my instructions were to fire off my cap pistol a few times and take a shot in the thigh from Wyatt. Finally Morgan was supposed to stick his pistol in my ribs and shoot me through the heart. I was supposed to keel over.

After several slow-motion rehearsals, I was ready for stardom. Then we did our "real-time" live performance and all hell broke loose. I delivered my line most woodenly, took the shot in my right hand, and spun around without conviction. I was still struggling when the whole thing had ended and I should have been dead. In the chaos surrounding me I had no idea whether Wyatt plugged me. Likewise, if Morgan poked his pistol in my ribs, I never felt a thing. As for my shootin' iron, it fell out of my pocket early on, and I didn't get off a shot.

From that experience, I have come to several conclusions. First, the Earps were one intimidating bunch of hombres. Mr. Hushion cast as the Earps three gents who were roughly the same size as their real life counterparts. When they and Doc Holliday marched down the sidewalk, they towered over us poor members of the cowboy element.

Facing those giants, the Clantons and McLaurys must have concluded, like me, that that they didn't have a chance. Disregarding personal motives and unknowable thoughts at the moment the shooting erupted, Hushion's version plausibly approximates the general flow of events. The physically overwhelming Earps had the drop on the cowboys and had them fairly well cornered.

Which leads to my third conclusion. Once the shooting started, events happened so quickly and unfolded with such violence that probably no one—least of all the participants—had a clear idea of exactly what happened. Once again I realized what a difficult, if not impossible, task historians face when they set out to determine the past.

My final conclusion is a lot less philosophical: as an Old West gunfighter I am cowardly and incompetent, and I would have had no place at the OK Corral. But then neither did the Clantons and McLaurys.

John Joerschke

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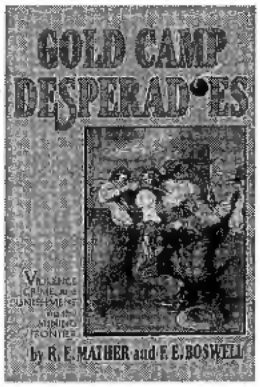

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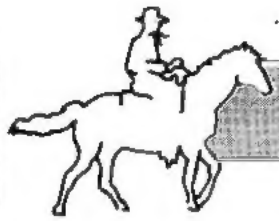

Wyatt Earp's Great-Grandson?

I thought you would enjoy reading the enclosed clipping about Glen Wyatt Earp, III, the young man who claims to be Wyatt Earp's great-grandson. According to the clipping, he is to have a role in the up-coming Wyatt Earp movie starring Kurt Russell.

After consulting Glenn Boyer's *I Married Wyatt Earp,* Ed Bartholomew's two volumes on Wyatt Earp, and Frank Waters' *The Earp Brothers of Tombstone,* I've come up with the following information.

Wyatt was first married to Urella Sutherland in Lamar, Missouri, on January 10, 1870. The marriage was performed by his father, who was justice of the peace. Urella died in childbirth later that year, as did the infant.

Shortly thereafter, Wyatt took up with Celia Ann Blaylock, who went by the name of Mattie. She and Wyatt may have been married, but that is questionable. In Tombstone, Wyatt left Mattie and took up with Josephine Sarah Marcus, who at the time was engaged to Johnny Behan.

There is no mention of Wyatt and Mattie being divorced, so I must conclude that they were not married. There is even some doubt as to whether Wyatt and Josie were married. She says they were, but no records confirm it.

There is also no record that Wyatt ever fathered a child other than the one that died as an infant. Consequently, if there were no children, there could have been no grandchildren and no great-grandchildren. I, therefore, must conclude that Mr. Glen Wyatt Earp III has been greatly misinformed by his parents and grandparents.

Can Glenn Boyer shed more light on this?—*Burton Wapner, North Hollywood, California.*

Editor's Note: Well, I reckon we've at least reached the point where nobody is going to claim to be the 145-year-old Wyatt his own self. Glenn Boyer's continuing series in *True West* and his book, *Tombstone Vendetta,* forthcoming

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from Talei Publishers, Inc., will detail Wyatt's complicated love life.

A Plea of Guilty

There is no excuse for certain technical errors on the part of writers, and any reader who goes to the trouble to mention one deserves an explanation. I refer to Jud Storstad's letter to the editor (*True West*, September 1993) noting my misidentification of the weapon Theodore Roosevelt was using to cover the so-called "boat thieves" in my article, "The Cowboy President" (*True West*, July 1993).

I can only plead the obvious—poor eyesight. I can read the date on a dime at thirty yards, but I have trouble reading my own name if it is less than two feet away.

When I got the photo, I was still wearing glasses from a six-year-old prescription, and although the double-barreled shotgun configuration is plain as day, I mistook it for a rifle. The really embarrassing thing is that Roosevelt's shotgun looks amazingly like my own bird gun.

I assure *True West*'s readers that I now have new glasses and will look more closely at such details in the future.—*Charles M. Robinson, III., San Benito, Texas.*

Wallflowers

Just thought I would drop you a line while renewing my subscription to thank you for a great magazine and tell you a little story you might enjoy.

Twenty some years ago in my home state of Ohio, I subscribed to both *True West* and *Old West* magazines. As I lived in a mobile home and had limited space, I was quickly covered up in magazines. I belonged to the ladies auxiliary of the local American Legion, and some of the gals were going to the Chillicothe, Ohio, VA hospital to dance with the vets there.

Well, I thought the fellows would enjoy reading your great magazines, so I fixed up a big old banana box full of *True West* and *Old West* for the ladies to take along. It seems that when the box was opened, all the old soldiers grabbed magazines and were sitting around reading until somebody reminded them the females were there to dance and not to watch them read.

One vet spoke up and said, "This sure is a big improvement over the *Ladies' Home Journal*!"—*Pat Pounders, Tuscumbia, Alabama.*

Your letters and comments are welcome. Please keep letters to 300 words or less. All letters received by Western Publications will be considered for publication unless otherwise stipulated in the letter. Space does not permit us to print all letters we receive. Be sure to include full name, address, and zip code. Photos are welcome. Address all letters to Western Publications, PO Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076. Due to the volume of mail, we cannot forward correspondence to people whose letters appear in "Truly Western."

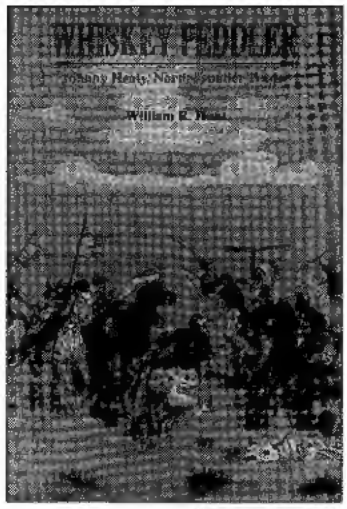
Whiskey Peddler

Johnny Healy, North Frontier Trader

William R. Hunt

Though volumes of raw material about Johnny Healy's years in Montana, Idaho, and Alberta in the mid-nineteenth century have accumulated in historical societies and library archives, his story has never been fully told until now. As a miner, sheriff, whiskey peddler, and buffalo robe trader, Johnny was among those who displaced the Indians and destroyed their way of life. Nevertheless, this "Merchant Prince" helped usher a new civilization into the West, before the challenge of new adventures drew him to Alaska in 1885, where the enterprising trader supplied the needs of Yukon-bound miners. Quick to win and quick to lose, Healy eventually ended up financially destitute but among the richest of all men in frontier experiences.

His story is told here in rich, vivid detail by historian Bill Hunt, who spent years researching and writing about this consummate frontiersman so that we might understand something of his life and times.



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Massacre Site Is Overlooked

By KATHLEEN BROWN

Photo by Randy Brown

A monument at the Sand Creek Massacre site.

On an isolated sweep of prairie in southeastern Colorado lies the Sand Creek massacre site. On November 29, 1864, along the banks of Sand Creek, 123 Cheyenne and Arapaho Indians—two-thirds of them women and children—died at the hands of members of the First and Third Colorado cavalries shortly after daybreak.

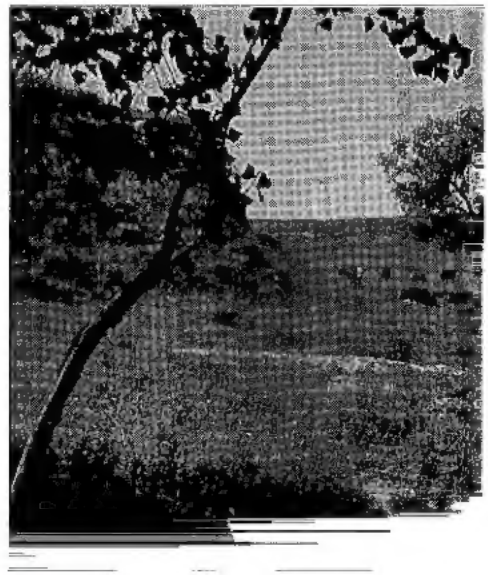
Several weeks before the tragedy, a group of Arapahos and Cheyennes, led by Black Kettle, camped at Sand Creek after having voluntarily surrendered at nearby Fort Lyon, Colorado. Regardless of the protests of some of his subordinates who pointed out that the Indians were army prisoners, Colonel John M. Chivington planned an attack on the camps.

Chivington arrived at Fort Lyon November 28, and that night left the fort for the camps with his force of nearly 700 men. Believing they were at peace with the whites, the Indians were unprepared for battle.

Chivington claimed 900 to 1,000 warriors were at Sand Creek. Later, reports indicated that fewer than 500 Indians—mainly women, children, and old men, as the young warriors were away hunting—were in camp. Many soldiers, mostly from the Third, which was composed of the dregs of Colorado's population, mutilated the Indians they killed and left their bodies in piles while they looted and burned lodges.

Although Chivington's act outraged many settlers, Denver and other communities rejoiced at the news. A town near the massacre site, now largely abandoned, was named in Chivington's honor. Public opinion changed, however, after details of the battle began to surface. Military and congressional boards investigated the incident, but Chivington and his men were never brought to justice.

Motorists crossing Kiowa County on



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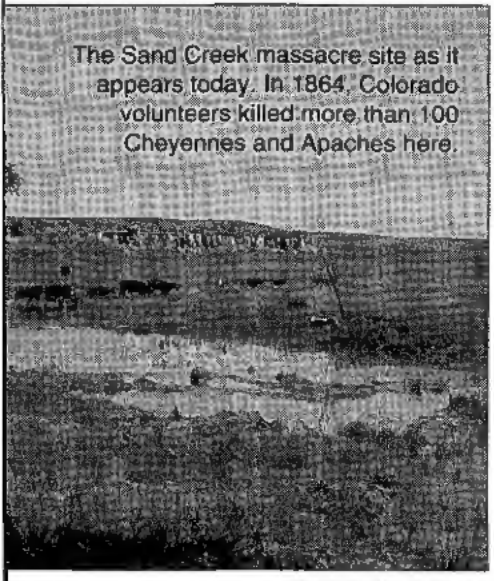
ROUNDUP

Colorado Highway 96 largely ignore the massacre site today, and Sand Creek is not listed in most tourist guide books. A handful of people may stop to read a roadside marker, but fewer still will take time to drive the additional eight miles to the memorial site.

Visitors to Sand Creek will encounter an incongruously peaceful scene with fields of sunflowers under the broad prairie sky. An unpaved road leads to a small granite monument on a low rise overlooking the tree-lined creek. The monument's inscription reads, "Sand Creek Battle Ground, Nov. 29 & 30, 1864." A previous visitor has scratched out the word "Battle" and replaced it with "Massacre."

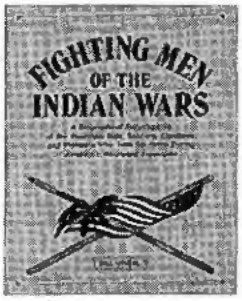
To reach the Sand Creek site, follow Colorado Highway 96 about one mile east of Chivington, then turn north onto County Road 54 and continue about eight miles (until the road ends), then take County Road W east for another mile. On the left will be a sign marked "Sand Creek Battleground" and an unpaved road on private land that leads north for about one-half mile.

A two-dollar visitor fee is requested. The nearest lodging and restaurants are in Lamar, about fifty miles south, or in Las Animas, seventy miles southwest.



The Sand Creek massacre site as it appears today. In 1864, Colorado volunteers killed more than 100 Cheyennes and Apaches here.

Photo by Randy Brown



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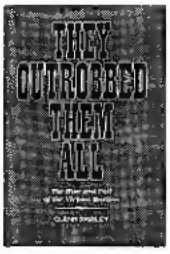

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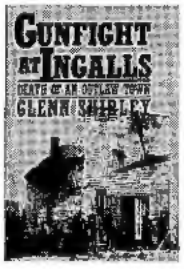

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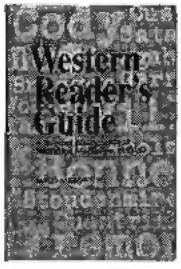

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New James-Younger Gang Recruits Members

Another James-Younger Gang is loose in Missouri. They're not robbing banks and holding up trains, but they are plotting to preserve the history of their namesakes.

Today's James-Younger Gang is a not-for-profit educational corporation, serving as a source of exchange for writers, historians, and descendants of the original Jameses and Youngers. The group is not limited to those people, but is open to anyone interested in the history of the outlaws and their times.

The James-Younger Gang helps support such facilities as the James Farm and Museum near Kearney, Missouri; the Liberty (Missouri) Bank Museum, and the Northfield (Minnesota) Bank Museum.

The Gang sponsors annual conventions in places significant to James history. It also plans to give annually the "Milton F. Perry Award," named in honor of the late James-Younger historian, which will recognize authors, writers, and researchers for the best contributions to James-Younger history.

The James-Younger Gang invites new members. Dues are twenty dollars for individuals, thirty dollars for couples. Members receive news about new research, member projects, field trips, and museums through a quarterly publication and newsletters. To join, write to the James-Younger Gang, PO Box 78, Liberty, Missouri 64068.

Fort Stockton History Day Set November 5

The United States Army opened Fort Stockton, Texas, in 1858 to protect the mail route from San Antonio to El Paso. The fort's life was brief; the army closed it in 1886, but the historic post will once again be alive with activity November 6 for its third annual history day.

A reveille ceremony at 10:00 A.M. will begin the day. Events will include a trail ride and chuck wagon cook-off. Living history reenactors, demonstrators, performers, and entertainers will also portray the lifestyles of people at the fort during the Indian Wars period. Several artillery demonstrations and mounted and dismounted drills are also scheduled.

Fort curator Carey Behrends said the celebration is the perfect time to "explore the rich and diverse cultural heritage representative of Fort Stockton."

Merchants and artisans will offer unique gift items on the fort grounds. Visitors will also have an opportunity to bid on a large number of items in a silent auction.

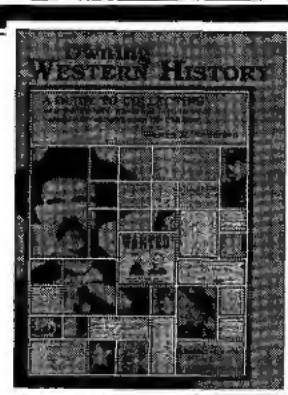
The Friends of the Fort are sponsoring Fort Stockton's living history day. A major foundation based in Midland, Texas, will match the event's proceeds to help furnish a portion of a fort barracks. The Friends of the Fort will also be able to fund additional educational and exhibition materials for the fort.

For more information about the living history day, contact Historic Fort Stockton, 300 East Third, Fort Stockton, Texas 79735. The phone number is (915) 336-2400.

Owning Western History

A Guide to Collecting Rare Documents, Historical Letters, and Valuable Autographs from the Old West

Warren R. Anderson



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Bill Makin • Photos by Nancy S. Bostain

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Cowboy Artists of America Schedule Display

The artwork of members of the Cowboy Artists of America (CAA) will be on public display from noon, October 23, through November 21 at the Phoenix Art Museum in Phoenix, Arizona. The display is part of the CAA's annual art exhibition and sale, a fund-raiser for the museum that last year topped $1 million.

The public showing follows a pre-exhibition sale Friday, October 22. The 1992 sale brought prices ranging from $1,000 for a small bronze to $185,000 for a Howard Terpning oil painting.

The CAA will unveil its first exhibition lithograph at this year's show. The lithograph, by CAA member Bill Owen, will be in an edition of one hundred signed and numbered prints. It will be available on a first-come basis for $500 each.

The CAA is one of the oldest existing associations of artists of its type. The organization was founded in 1965 in Bird's Oak Creek Tavern in Sedona, Arizona. Founding members Joe Beeler and Johnny Hampton, both still active, and George Phippen, Charlie Dye, and Robert McLeod, all now deceased, brought together a select group of painters and sculptors whose work carries on the tradition of Charles Russell and Frederic Remington. The CAA now has twenty-four active and ten emeritus members.

The exhibition features new works, none exhibited before, by CAA members. The works represent a variety of media, including sculpture, oil, acrylic, watercolor, and drawing.

Tickets for the pre-exhibition sale and related activities, including an artists' autograph party, are $150 per person. Tickets for the sale and an artists' awards banquet are $200. Admission to the public exhibition is four dollars. For more information contact Ruth Kaspar, Phoenix Art Museum, 1625 North Central, Phoenix, Arizona 85004; (602) 252-8382.

Western Roundup is a report on places to go and things to see associated with the history of the Old West. Submissions are welcome. Information on scheduled events should be submitted at least four months prior to the event. Items on historic places are also welcome. Send information including photos to: Western Roundup, Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076

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SPORT SHOOTER

By CHUCK PARSONS

Rifle and pistol sharpshooting were popular sports in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Annie Oakley, Gordon "Pawnee Bill" Lillie, and William Frank "Doc" Carver were among such shooters. Joe Polito, Vernal, Utah, would like to know more about Carver

Although Carver had an enviable reputation as a frontiersman, many of his exploits were either fabrications or cannot be verified. He was born in Illinois (the same as Wild Bill Hickok, whom he perhaps tried to emulate) at Winslow, May 7, 1840. Carver moved west as a young man.

Carver gained some recognition as a sharpshooter. In 1883 he and Buffalo Bill agreed to form a Wild West show; it was short lived. While Carver managed to establish some early records as a marksman, other shooters soon broke most of them. Carver died at his California ranch August 31, 1927, but he is buried at his birthplace in Winslow, Illinois. A large boulder with a historical plaque marks his grave.

Photo Courtesy William B. Secrest

William Frank "Doc" Carver, who made a reputation as a marskman with one of Buffalo Bill's early Wild West shows.

A Town Called Weed

Western towns were named for a variety of reasons, some for town founders, some for geographical features, others for legendary characters. Vaughn M. Greene, San Bruno, California, inquires about a California town with the distinctive name of Weed.

Weed, in Siskiyou County, was named in 1900 for Abner Weed, the founder of the Weed Lumber Company. Weed was a native of Maine and was present when Confederate General Robert E. Lee surrendered at Appomattox. Four years later he was in California, where for many years he was county supervisor. From 1907 to 1909, Weed was a state senator.

Oklahoma Cattlemen

The many cattle outfits of the Old West make fascinating history. LaVonne Ketchum, Oroville, California, is looking for some information about one of them, the JJ outfit. She said her father-in-law rode with them out of Woodward, Oklahoma, in 1915.

I often have to turn to our readers for help on a question, and this is one of them. I have been able to find only the briefest information about the JJ outfit, that in the form of pictures made in Indian Territory and Kansas in the 1880s. I would appreciate hearing from anyone with information about this subject.

Billy's Friends

Billy the Kid's associates frequently generate as much interest as the Kid himself. Marvin L. French, Toronto, Kansas, would like to know more about Jim French, who helped Regulators defend the Alexander McSween house in July 1878.

Jim French was a mysterious figure. No one seems to know where he came from, but on March 31, 1878, he, Henry Brown, Billy the Kid, Fred Waite, Frank McNab, John Middleton, and possibly others stole into Lincoln, New Mexico, to ambush Lincoln County Sheriff William Brady. The next morning the group fired on Brady and deputies Billy Mathews, George Hindman, George Peppin, and John Long. Brady and Hindman were killed, and French was wounded.

French was in the battle at the McSween home, which began July 15, 1878. He managed to escape the night of July 19, along with the Kid. He reportedly lived with Sue McSween for a while, her husband having been killed in the fight. He then became part of the gangs who turned Lincoln County into a lawless area.

French's fate is uncertain. Captain George A. Purington, Ninth Cavalry, commander at Fort Stanton in Lincoln County, reported that French had been killed in a quarrel over the division of some stolen goods. The report was dated June 21, 1879. However, Frank Coe, another former pal of Billy the Kid, said in a 1927 interview that Jim French had been shot "three years ago in Oklahoma." Some other reports say French went to South America.

To add to the confusion, another Jim French was involved in the

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Lincoln County War. He was James Hansell French, an army lieutenant. After serving in Texas and Colorado until August 1876, he resigned due to ill health. He was reappointed and ultimately stationed at Fort Stanton where he became involved in the Lincoln County War. He was accused of inappropriate dealings with civilians but was cleared of all charges. He later fought against Victorio in the San Mateo Mountains of New Mexico where he was killed January 17, 1880.

More on Travis' Family

In the June 1993 issue of *True West*, I answered a question about the son and slave of Alamo defender William Barret Travis. I received a letter from Wayman Foster, Cleveland, Texas, offering some more information about Travis's children.

Travis and his wife, Rosanna Cato, had an unsuccessful marriage and, although they were not divorced, Travis left her and his son, Charles Edward, in Alabama in the fall of 1831. On February 12, 1836, Rosanna, Charles Edward, and Susan Isabella (a daughter Travis had never met), arrived in Chappell Hill, Texas, with a Dr. Cloud. The Travises were finally granted a divorce.

Rosanna and Isabella returned to New Orleans where the mother and Dr. Cloud were married. Charles Edward Travis was left in the care of a doctor when his father went to the Alamo; then Charles went to New Orleans to live with his mother. In 1848 Dr. and Mrs. Cloud died in a yellow fever epidemic, and the two Travis children returned to Chappell Hill to claim a land grant their father had left. Susan married a John Grissett but Charles never married.

Both brother and sister are buried in the historic Masonic Cemetery at Chappell Hill. Charles died in 1860; Susan's death date is not recorded.

If you have a question, send it to Chuck Parsons Western Publications, P O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076. Please keep questions brief. Sign your full name and address including zip code Names will be published if question is used. Space limitations may not permit us to use all questions. Due to the volume of mail, we cannot forward correspondence to people whose questions appear in "Answer Man."

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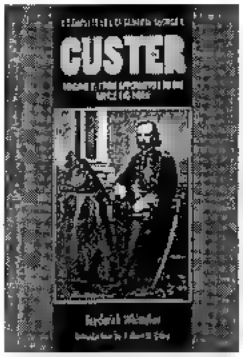

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THE BUGLER

Cavalry buglers were some of the most romantic figures of the Indian-fighting army, yet little is known about them. Movies and television frequently depict them as one-dimensional characters who only blew horns and died early in combat. A study of cavalry buglers from 1841 through the 1890s, however, reveals a different breed of men. Buglers were extraordinary soldiers, agile of both mind and body, proficient at riding and shooting, and efficient aids to their commanders.

How did the United States Army recruit its buglers, how did they learn their special skills, and what were their daily lives like? No single source answers those questions satisfactorily, but an examination of varied sources of the period helps piece together an overall picture of cavalry buglers.

US Military Historical Institute, Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania

Fourteen-year-old Union cavalry bugler Charles Butts in 1861.

Regulations prescribed twenty-two buglers per regiment: two for each of ten companies and two for headquarters. However, funding limitations and reorganizations usually limited peacetime regiments to fewer than ten companies, also called troops in the cavalry. Normally regiments had six troops, each authorized for ninety-nine men but usually containing forty-five to sixty horse soldiers and perhaps a bugler. Army records, diaries, photographs, recollections, and sketches indicate regiments normally had six to ten buglers.

The cavalry obtained buglers in a variety of ways. It tried to recruit trained brass players but those efforts failed, so cavalry buglers usually came from the ranks of drummer boys, who had to be over twelve years old and have parental consent to enlist. Drummer boys often did double duty in regimental bands. After learning to play the drum, drummer boys might progress to a brass instrument—that is if they had no spaces between their teeth that allowed air to escape and prevent them from hitting treble clef F above G.

THE NEW brass players might then be asked to volunteer for the job of troop bugler. The position was voluntary because so much depended on the individual who filled it. The lad who volunteered had to have plenty of self-confidence, as his load was about to increase tenfold.

As the commander's communicator to the unit, buglers had to convey the impression that nothing short of perfection would be tolerated. As a result, their appearance had to be immaculate. As drummers, they might get away with a dusty shoe, a loose drum rattle, a rumpled uniform, or a

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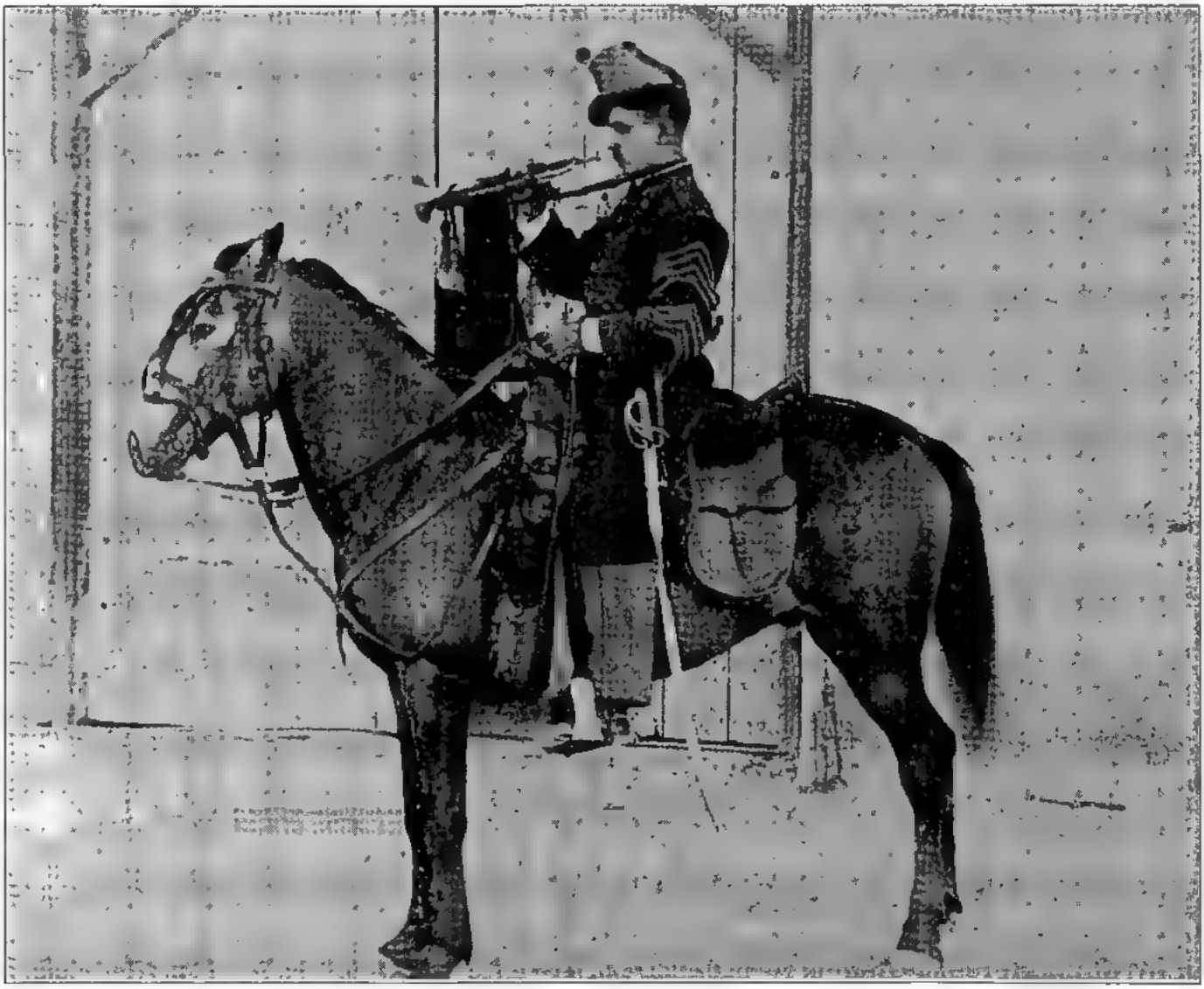

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A Mexican cavalry bugler in 1888. The sleeve stripes do not denote rank, but designate the wearer as a bugler, much like caged-tunics designated United States buglers.

marginal haircut, but as buglers they had to be as spit-and-polished as their commanding officer, if not more so.

Buglers also had to keep horses. In the infantry or dismounted cavalry, to which garrison drummers belonged, they were spared having horses. As cavalry troop buglers, though, they would have mounts and be responsible for their training and care.

Then they had to learn to ride. Some commanders empathized with their trumpeters and excused them from mounted troop drill. They did so, however, at risk of their own jobs, for the War Department's Cavalry Tactics, 1841, said buglers would not be excused from mounted drill. Buglers were expected to be cavalrymen first, musicians second, and that meant they had to be as proficient with their carbines, sabers, and pistols as the rest of the command.

Potential buglers had one final consideration: promotion. Regulations called for buglers to be privates. There were no corporal buglers unless a for-

mer trumpeter was filling in for the regular horner. If they stayed with the troop, buglers would remain privates unless they could work into the job of regimental chief bugler, with the exalted rank of sergeant. The prospect of obtaining the position was remote. Buglers' only other alternative was to leave the troop and go back to the band, which may have had limited funding for instruments, music, and supplemental musician's pay. Thus, buglers had to think twice about leaving the troop.

A bugler had to be acceptable to the officer to whom he would be assigned. As he was the officer's voice to the command, personal messenger, daily companion, and trusted aide, they had to establish a rapport. Commanders today take the same approach to their radio operators. They select radio operators by interview, not random choice. The position is too personal and critical to be left to chance.

Once selected, buglers got another load to bear: their bugles. The instruments, officially called trumpets, were usually copper, not brass. Supposedly copper bugles could be heard farther; however, in the thin air of the high plains the same was said of brass bugles.

US Military Historical Institute, Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania

An unknown Union cavalry bugler displaying a Congressional Medal of Honor.

Issue bugles were poorly constructed of inferior materials. As late as 1910, Chief Musician Nathan Lombard's Bugler's Manual advised buglers to have their horns custom made. He claimed they sounded better, were easier to play, and lasted longer

Cavalry bugles had a removable section and two identical mouthpieces. Attached to the mouthpiece section, the longer tubes changed bugles from the key of G to the key of F. However, calls for the period were written in the key of G, confirming the removable sections were not used.

Bugles sound only five notes. In the G bugle, the notes are middle C, G, C, E, and F. Middle C was seldom played so that left only four notes, but four notes can be arranged at least twenty-four ways in one measure of music. Calls were variations of a theme, so if buglers could play a two-note call, for example, they could play several others by adding a note, triple tonguing, changing the time, or adding emotional color. The 1841 cavalry tactics manual contains thirty-eight calls, as well as a number of marches and individual regimental calls outside those officially recognized.

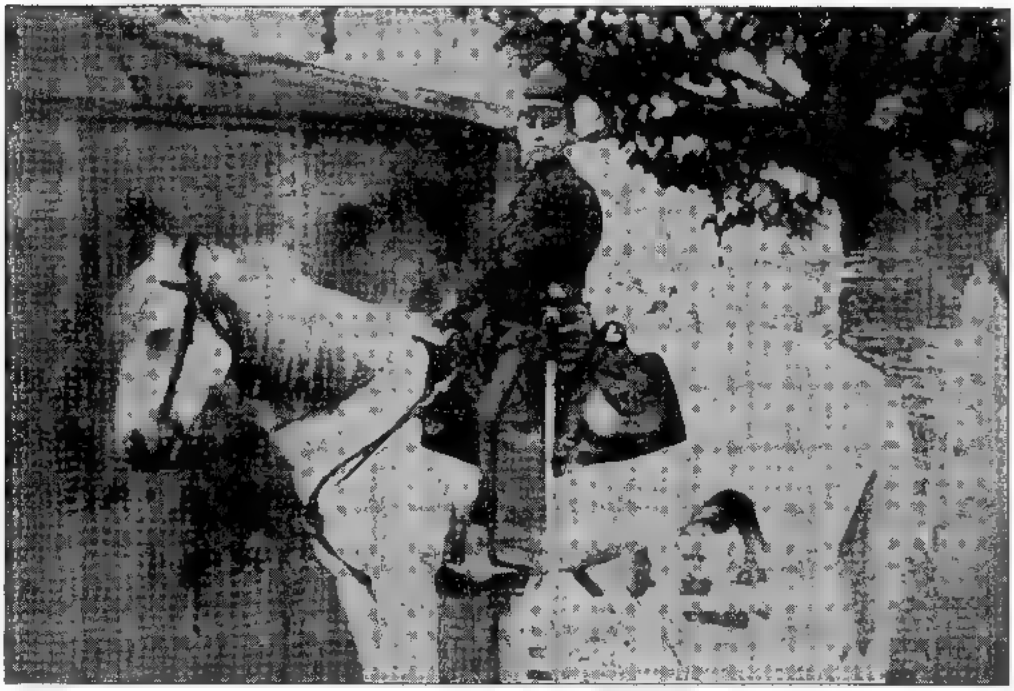
BUGLERS RECEIVED hard leather cases for their instruments, but usually carried them in flannel bags with drawstrings. The bags, easily made by anyone who could thread a needle, could be carried anywhere.

Buglers usually wrapped cords around their instruments' tubes to protect hard-to-reach spots from tarnish. They polished the rest of the instrument with a variety of solutions including hot vinegar and salt, hot buttermilk, hot sour milk, tomato juice, and rhubarb juice. For tough spots buglers might use shaved soap flakes and chalk; commercial polishes didn't exist in those days.

Regulations instructed buglers to hold their instruments in the right hand and on the knee while riding. At attention, they were to tuck it under the arm, mouthpiece forward, tubes up. They played the bugle upside down and carried it tubes down. When raised to play, it naturally turned upside down or sideways. The construction of the bugle made it easier to hold upside down, and the three tubes fit neatly into the triangular configuration of the closed fist. Held right side up, the horn's tubes rested

against the player's wrist and were quite annoying

In the field with the regiment, the chief bugler sounded maneuver calls and troop buglers echoed them. Back in camp they had other duties. By rotation, a troop bugler would be the duty or orderly bugler, spending one night a week with the sergeant of the guard. He was to sound "assembly" in case of attack. Fifteen minutes before dawn, he sounded "assembly of buglers," to rouse his relief out of the sack and awaken troop buglers for their first call. After he was relieved, he returned to his unit and sounded the calls of the day. Contrary to popular belief, reveille was not the first call of the day, it was the third.



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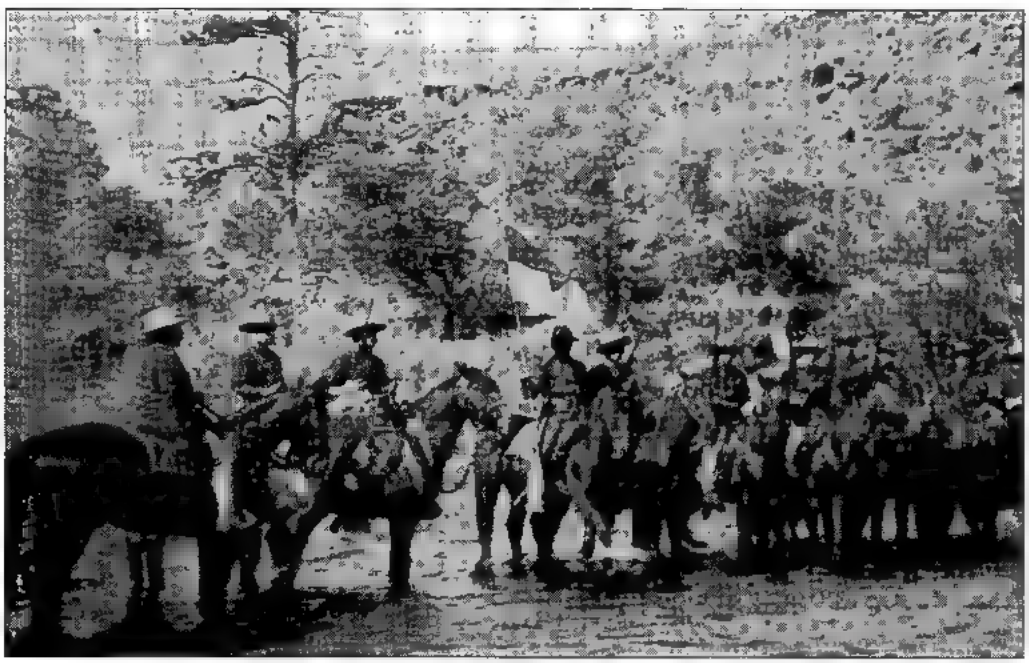
Bugler Charles Robin Stewart Werkheiser, fifteen years old, in 1861. He was General Hugh Judson Kilpatrick's bugler in the Civil War.

Buglers' had even more duties. William S. Littleton, chief bugler of the Fourth Cavalry Regiment, said in his 1905 *Trumpeter's Hand-Book and Instructor* that buglers must be alert, bright, know all the roads on post, know all the main roads outside the post, be able to give directions, know every department on post, know every officer in the regiment, know the name of the officer in charge, and be able to recognize the officer on sight. They had to know every command, maneuver, line and staff rank insignia, all unit standards, and the differences among message envelopes. They also had to be able to memorize a twenty-word verbal message and deliver it verbatim.

Buglers had to have message materials on hand, know all parts of an outpost line, know the components of the rear guard, and all definitions in the front part of the soldiers' manual. They had to be able to ride faster than anyone else, have an extraordinary memory, and know where they were, where they were going, where they had been, and where everyone else was. Buglers could also occasionally supplement their pay by serving as an officer's orderly.



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The bugler (center) of Troop E, Fifth Cavalry Regiment, is both small and young His bugle is barely visible behind him. The troop is on patrol from Fort Apache, Arizona, in the 1890s.

A bugler was a day-to-day appendage of his commander—not a companion, in the strictest sense, but rather a trustworthy, welcomed, and friendly face. Commanders, then as now, often uttered choice expletives at junior officers and private soldiers, and did so within earshot of the trumpeter. But the herald said nothing to anyone. That was an unwritten job requirement, and there are no bugler's diaries or recollections anywhere.

When buglers finally rode out with their troops, they were between thirteen and sixteen years old. Photographs, paintings, sketches, and drawings show that trumpeters were young. Captain Sam Chamberlain,

US Military Historical Institute, Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania

The bugler (second from left) of Troop E, Fifth Cavalry Regiment, holds his bugle while other soldiers hold carbines.

an officer in the Mexican War and his own combat artist, made a painting of his bugler. He put the lad on a white horse and twice depicted him as thirteen or fourteen years old.

Buglers were not large. General William T. Sherman said that all cavalrymen should be short, slim, and weigh no more than 135 to 145 pounds, mainly to preserve their mounts. Any horse can usually carry one-third of its weight, and in the nineteenth century the army bought horses weighing between 750 and 1,100 pounds. An 1,100-pound horse could drop to 800 pounds on a diet of weeds and grass on patrol. One third of 800 pounds is 266 pounds, and a typical trooper's mount carried about 240 pounds. However, a horse could not deliver messages, follow the commander up and down the column, and race off on errands with such a load. Thus, a bugler's horse only carried a 130-pound, stripped down bugler with almost nothing on his saddle. The total weight might be about 160 pounds. Like officers, who had to ride up and down the line, buglers put their gear on pack animals and rode larger horses.

Buglers' mounts were the same color as those of their troop, which were the same color for easy field identification. For example, the horses of A Troop might be gray, those of B Troop chestnut with white stockings, and so on.

Prior to 1866, buglers' uniforms contradicted their responsibilities. They worked as cavalrymen but dressed like musicians, with a yellow lace grid across the front of their tunics. They clearly stood out in the melee of an engagement. After 1866 they shed the tunics and became truly inconspicuous.

Buglers did not actively participate in mounted combat, as they had to hold their bugles in one hand and the reins in the other, leaving no free hand for a weapon. They had sabers, but probably used them as tent poles like most of their comrades. There is little evidence of a bugler carrying a weapon in his hand.

When delivering messages to distant units and exposed to enemy fire, buglers slung their instruments behind them, checked the loads in their carbines and pistols, and rode off. They might be musicians but they could shoot as well as any other man of the troop, and perhaps better for they had no protection as they rode unaccompanied across hostile territory.

Films often depict buglers as the first casualties of combat. While many paintings depict dying or dead buglers, often just as a means of working buglers into the scene, there are many records of battles which note that, "When it was all over, the colonel ordered the bugler to sound 'Recall.'" Needless to say, dead musicians sound no calls.

Commanders may have protected their buglers by placing them in safer spots or telling them to fall back once the fight was joined, bugle calls no longer being required. Buglers also were not readily apparent on the field. Even attacking in a line they were behind their commanders and turned sideways to their horses. The animals' bodies also hid buglers' small frames to a degree. On the same color mount as their troop and between fellow riders in line, buglers were almost impossible to see, let alone hit. Eighty-seven casualty lists of fierce cavalry fights for

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A bugler (right) with Captain John O. Adams of Troop B, First Cavalry Regiment, at Fort Keogh, Montana, in December 1890

the First, Second, Fourth, Seventh, Ninth, Tenth, and Sixteenth Volunteer Cavalries show no bugler casualties.

Buglers were certainly skilled soldiers, but they were also human. In 1869, Major Eugene Carr had assembled his five companies to attack the Colorado camp of Cheyenne chief Tall Bull. Carr told his chief bugler to sound "charge." Not hearing anything, Carr turned to the bugler, who replied sheepishly that he "disremembered" it. However, the minute the charge was started, the chief bugler remembered and sounded the command as they rode full speed.

Even though literature about buglers is thin, those soldiers played integral roles in the cavalry regiments of the West. Not only did they call their comrades awake, to meals, and to battle; they served as messengers, horsemen, marksmen, and aides. They were truly extraordinary soldiers.

The West's Best-known Bugler

Italian-immigrant Private Giovanni Martin—John Martin—served as Lieutenant Colonel George Armstrong Custer's duty bugler at the Battle of the Little Bighorn, June 25, 1876, but he fared poorly in the inquiry which followed the battle. Investigators dismissed his testimony allegedly because he did not speak English well and probably did not know what was happening during the battle. However, knowing the requirements for nineteenth century cavalry buglers, Martin probably does not deserve the bad reputation history has given him.

Investigators used as evidence to discredit Martin a hastily written note from Custer's adjutant, Lieutenant William W. Cooke, to Captain Frederick Benteen. The famous note said, "Benteen. Come On. Big Village. Be Quick. Bring Packs. W W Cooke. P.S. Bring packs."

Investigators claimed Cooke wrote out the note because he distrusted Martin's ability to speak English and repeat the message to Benteen. But the abilities required of a bugler included being able to repeat a twenty word message verbatim. Martin was trained to repeat messages and undoubtedly could repeat Cooke's simple note. Even if Martin were an excitable fellow—which he apparently was not, he probably could have motioned sufficiently to get the message across.

In truth, the note offers no evidence against Martin's abilities. More likely Cooke was trying to prepare a "paper trail" against Benteen. Custer and Cooke both distrusted Benteen, and Cooke wrote the note to put Benteen on written notice of an order. Benteen could be charged with insubordination, and perhaps cowardice, if he failed to execute a written order.

Not only could Martin have delivered the message verbally, he also no doubt clearly understood what was happening on that battlefield in Montana. At age fourteen he had been a drummer boy with Garibaldi in Italy and therefore was no stranger to war.

US Military Historical Institute, Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania

John Martin, Custer's duty bugler, in 1896 just prior to his retirement

Martin typified the cavalry bugler. He was a talented musician as he played both drum and bugle. He probably could read and speak English at least on a utilitarian level—he certainly knew how to speak it well enough or he would not have been Custer's orderly bugler. He was an excellent rider, after all, his mount was wounded when he reached Benteen, meaning he had either ridden through gunfire or Indians had chased him. He found Benteen, which meant he had been able to stay focused on his mission. He was certainly a trusted aid to Custer, as Custer had no one in the five troops accompanying him whom he did not trust.

In short, if John Martin were not a good and efficient bugler, he would not have been with the Seventh Cavalry.

Wyatt Earp

Legendary American

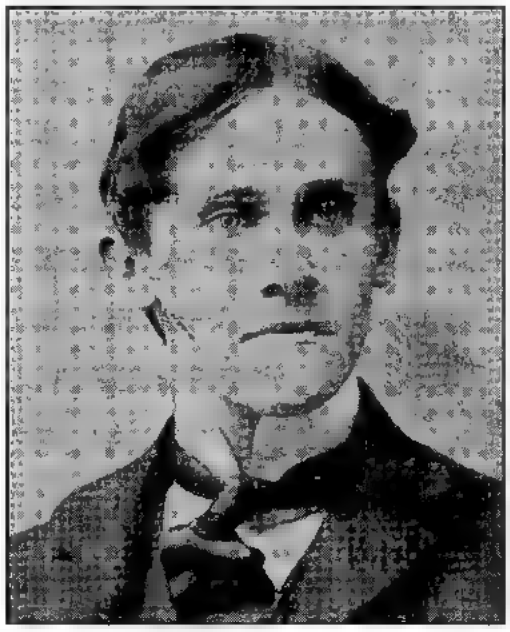
By Glenn G. Boyer

Part 4: Family Amnesia

After the second Indian raid, the balance of the Earp-Curtis-Rousseau wagon train's 1864 trip to California went without major confrontations, though Indians were always unpredictable, and thus potentially dangerous.

Another, far-more-dangerous threat to the group's survival was its progressive unravelling. Mankind's most potent weapon is social organization; when it frays, the people involved are at serious risk, perhaps slated for extinction. That could have been the case with the Earp party, and certainly some of them were to encounter grave hardship as a result.

In Stuart N. Lake's pseudo-biography of Wyatt, his paean to the leadership of Wyatt's father is a whitewash of the real situation as related by Mrs. Rousseau. She is even-handed and shows why Nick Earp may have got disgusted with the whole bunch of them because of their foolishness and decided to push on himself. They felt hurried, since they were already so late. (At the time, they did not realize that they would soon have slack in their schedule while they waited in Utah for cooler weather before proceeding into the heat of the Mormon Cutoff across the Mojave Desert.)



Author's Photo

John H. Flood, Jr., circa 1896 Flood became Wyatt Earp's lifelong friend and amanuensis on his autobiography.

EVEN BEFORE the party had reached Fort Bridger, Mrs. Rousseau's diary relates an incident foretelling future dissension. Friday, July 29: "Mr. Earp said he would rather stay as we had some very rough roads to go over, and it might happen we would get to good grass and we might not, we would have to travel at least ten miles. We of course were in favor of staying and said so, but the decision was left to Mr. Curtis and he said go on although he was aware our horses were nearly given out. we felt bad enough about going on, as we thought our horses would hardly be able to travel so far. Well we started over rocky hills, mountainous roads, one of the horses in our waggon gave out and we had to put in another, and poor thing it was not fit to go on but we had to do it. For some cause, we cannot define some of those we thought our true friends there appears to be hard feeling and jealousy existing, whether it is from false tales told around the camp or not I cannot tell. *It is one of the best places for such....*" (italics added).

It does seem it would have been much simpler to hang together, but then one sitting home reading is not faced with the all-too-natural rising in the throat of a sense of urgency to press on, press on, and damn the consequences. For whatever irrational causes, growing dissension was a fact.

Wyatt Earp was witness to and a part of all this. The lesson of human ingratitude was not lost on him; it certainly helped prepare him for later experiences when communities shrugged off their obvious responsibilities and left tougher people to carry the load. If he and his brothers had heeded the example Nick set on the trail, none of them would have been hurt at Tombstone. But that was not to be.

THE NEXT morning, July 30, one man had a sick horse which died, as Mrs. Rousseau rightly assumed, due to "yesterday afternoon's drive and not feed enough." The shoe shortly turned up on the other foot as revealed by Mrs. Rousseau's comment: "Mr. Earp got angry with the whole train because they passed him, he took it as an insult, talked pretty hard to all, some thought he had taken a little too much liquor. He used very profane language and told the whole train he would give up his Captaincy unless they would adhere to the rules he gave. After being detained an hour or more very unpleasantly we rolled on."

Nick Earp was a real treasure to be exposed to day after day under those circumstances, but they all would have done a lot better heeding his common sense and experience with horses. They began to have an even rougher time of it, once baking bread for the horses so they would have something to eat. As commented upon previously,

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they reached Fort Bridger on August 12 and went right on the next day. Although Wyatt Earp did not absorb frontier lore at Jim Bridger's side during the party's one-night stop at Fort Bridger, August 12–13, he was absorbing frontier lore of a different type. He helped pulling and tarring wagon wheels, cleaning harness, brushing horses to keep accumulated dust from galling them beneath their harness, and searching for food to pull the horses through. So late in the year, prior travelers' stock had eaten off the grass along the Oregon Trail, and a foray off the trail to graze horses would risk losing them to lurking Indians.

By now, even the kids were wearing out and getting short tempered Warren Earp had a "rippet," as Mrs Rousseau described it, and obviously lost the fight. That irritated Nick, who threatened to whip every kid in the train and, by implication, their fathers, if they tried to interfere. It's a safe bet that few, if any, would have risked it. (Years later, as the oldest member of the San Bernardino County Pioneers Society, Nick was awarded a gold-headed cane which, his granddaughter Estelle told me, he soon broke over someone's head in a disagreement. On the other hand, he readily entered into a singing contest with another member, so he wasn't all bad—just mercurial.)

THE EARP TRAIN reached Salt Lake City on Monday, August 22. There they learned from experienced freighters that they would have to wait until fall to proceed to San Bernardino, to avoid the desert's summer heat. They accordingly straggled out in Utah, the Earps eventually going to Corn Creek, from which place Nick sent his first letter to James Copla, which apparently never reached him

In Salt Lake City some of the party, including Nick, went for an interview with Brigham Young. Nick bought a fresh cow from him which, with her calf, he was to bring successfully into San Bernardino.

Wyatt's impressions of Salt Lake City have not been preserved. It is certain that he overheard a lot of male guffawing about the Mormon's practice of polygamy. It must not have shocked him, since he later adopted the practice himself, without the preliminary of a ceremonial marriage

The Rousseaus started to have trouble with Nick, who borrowed horses from them and refused to return them. (Mrs. Rousseau did not explain where they got horses to replace those stolen by the Indians, but they obviously bought or traded for them with someone, and could easily have obtained more in Salt Lake City.) She wrote how the rest of the party moved off without them on September 10, since they were camped a little ways apart. Dr. Rousseau spotted them through his marine glass and rode after them because Nick had his horses—which could explain why Nick forgot to tell the Rousseaus they were pulling out. Not stealing mind you, but an oversight.

Mrs. Rousseau wrote that the doctor "went on horseback and said if Mr. Earp was going to act the rascal about going off with our property that he would go to the next town and get a writ and try and get our property in our own hands again. Oh how bad I feel this morning, considering the situation."

It developed that a mare Nick mentioned in his letter to Copla as dying

Author's Photo

Author Stuart N Lake (right) with Merritt Beeson, son of Wyatt's Dodge City friend Chalk Beeson, while Lake was gathering material for *Wyatt Earp, Frontier Marshal*

had actually belonged to the Rousseaus. This is far from the heroic wagon train captain pictured in Lake's *Wyatt Earp, Frontier Marshal.* In fact, Nick presents a dismal example.

For all practical purposes, Nick abandoned his responsibility as train leader from Salt Lake City onward, and he had been on the verge of doing so ever since Fort Laramie. Of course, in view of the others' undisciplined attitude, one can hardly blame him. Their rejection of discipline was a typically American trait, being encountered elsewhere in the armies of both the Union and the Confederacy, to the detriment of both. It was inherent in the fact that America welcomed from Europe those individuals who chafed under feudal restraints and had the guts to pull up stakes and leave

LATER, NICK, true to form, refused to carry some boxes of books for the Rousseaus, even though he had promised to do so to lighten their load and was using their horses and oxen at the time. They had to get freighters to haul the books. Obviously Nick had everyone buffaloed. It's a wonder someone didn't shoot him, if not from the front then from ambush at night when he was in plain sight around his campfire. (Night backshooting was to be the resort of his sons' enemies years later at Tombstone, Arizona Territory, after they got one daylight dose of the Fighting Earps and had to bury three bodies that, basically, died from bad judgment.)

The balance of the trip was a nasty, undisciplined ordeal of discord and bickering amid extreme hardship. Mrs. Rousseau cogently commented on the outlook after they departed Utah for California: "In a strange country almost out of money and but few friends. Oh how dreary and desolate things appear to me." (She was in advanced pregnancy by then also.)

Nick Earp's letter to James Copla describing this same segment of the trip passed over his multitude of offenses without remark. His conduct was completely normal for him, so it is to be expected he'd be laconic about it all. Starting with the day following the last Indian attack, he wrote:

> The next morning we started on again nothing of any consequence hapining from that to Salt Lake only Mrs. Hamilton brought forth a fine boy a few days after we war attacked by the Indians We got to Salt Lake on the 12th day of August when we ought to have bin thare by the first then we ascertained by the Old Salt Lake freighters that we could not go to California on the Southern Rout untell about November on account of having to cross the great American Desart becaus it would be to hot before that time to cross it So we lay by nine weeks waiting for the wether to get cool anoughf and at the proper time we took up the line of martch again and on the 20th day of December we landed in San Bernardino after a long and tedious trip I got through with all the stock I started with but one of the mares [one of *Rousseaus'* mares, that is] died at Utah Lake with the colic Compartivily in good order my blind horse at the bever dam two hundred miles from San Barnardino fell down a bank about fifteen feet high and dis-

Author's Photo

Mrs. Virgil "Aunt Allie" Earp at age sixteen, in Omaha, Nebraska, from a tintype

able himself so that I had to leave him.

Lake is equally curt about that part of the trip, writing, "From Fort Bridger the Earp train made an uneventful journey to Salt Lake, and started the hazardous seven-hundred-mile haul [seven hundred miles, provided one multiplies the distance by at least two] across the Mojave Desert, the last lap of their trek. This led them down the route established by Mormon settlers, up through Cajon Pass and into San Bernardino, trail's end, on December 19, 1864, seven months and seven days after leaving Council Bluffs." He means after leaving Pella, having confused his timetable.

Wyatt mentioned an incident related in Mrs. Rousseau's diary when he told his nephew Bill Miller, "The first man I ever pointed a gun at and thought I might have to kill was a Paiute Indian." Mrs. Rousseau elaborated that Nick Earp's ungovernable temper almost started Indian trouble. She thought, to avoid trouble, they should willingly feed some Indians who were dipping their fingers into their pot. Nick disagreed. Moreover, he knew that whether the party fed them or not, the Indians had been creeping up at night and shooting arrows into the stock.

Author's Photo

"Aunt Allie" Earp, circa 1939, with Wyatt's sister, Adelia. By the time of the photo, Allie was getting off a few crusty comments about *Frontier Marshal* (a.k.a. St. Wyatt the Just), largely to the effect that he was a showoff.

On the Paiutes, Bill Miller commented, "My Pa hated them all—they'd killed too many of his friends in the early days." The senior Miller had come to San Bernardino as a fourteen-year-old runaway from his Texas home, his father being the apostate Mormon Bishop Miller, and a hard man. He got to San Bernardino the same year as Wyatt, and in their sunset years they were boon companions. Bill said, "Pa shot every Paiute he ever saw; the last one in the nineteen twenties on a hunting trip up around Big Bear." Bishop Miller was obviously of the same caliber. Brigham Young, thinking apostates set a bad example, sent the Destroying Angels to adjust his case a couple of times, and Bishop Miller sent them back in pine boxes, the last time sending Brigham a note that read, "If there's a next time, *I'm coming to adjust your case.*" There wasn't a next time. Brigham was no fool, recognizing that anyone who 'fetched' Porter Rockwell's boys twice was "plumb pizen."

On the occasion of Wyatt's pointing his shotgun at a Paiute, Nick had pushed the Indian away from their cooking fire and kicked him in the seat of the pants. "I was expecting trouble," Wyatt said, "and got my gun as soon as we saw this Indian, who'd been hanging around begging and probably trying to steal and generally making a nuisance of himself. He wasn't the only one. I stood out of the way behind a wagon. He pulled a knife and Pa pulled a sixshooter and I would have shot him if he hadn't put his knife away and left. I had him covered and come close to shooting, except that Pa got in the way. If he'd have got Pa, I aimed to cut him down. I had a six-shooter in my belt and could have stood the 10 others off. There wasn't a one of them with any sand if you stood up to them, but they had mean tempers and they were all thieves."

ABOUT THAT time Charlie Copla left the Earp party, scared out of his wits. Mrs. Rousseau wrote, "Charlie Copely [sic] had left Mr. Earp and going the rest of the way with us." Whatever Copla did earlier, he was living with Nick later at San Bernardino.

On December 6 Mrs. Rousseau wrote in her diary, "Charlie Capley [sic] and Richard Curtis have gone on foot travelling night and day till they reach Mojave River get a team if they can and some provision to help us through....if Mr. Curtis had only let us have one bushel of barley we might have got through safe."

On Friday, December 9, Mrs. Rousseau gives a heartbreaking account of the animals'ordeal: "Went to Bitter Springs where we saw poor Flit down and couldn't get up. The Dr. tried to raise her, but she fell down on her mouth. She tried to raise again but fell on her side, she fairly tore ground and tried to bite it. The Dr. then took his revolver and shot her to put an end to her misery."

With help from Charlie Copla and others, including freighters, the Rousseaus eventually reached San Bernardino on Saturday, December 17. They probably got ahead of the Earps because Nick had sense enough

to rest his animals rather than use them up in frantic dashes. In any case it must have been a long while before the Rousseaus spoke to Nick Earp or the Rev. Israel C. Curtis again. Obviously they did, however, since we see Rousseau and Curtis together in a group picture. Nick Earp's letter to James Copla covers the Earps' early days at San Bernardino. As usual, he left out as much as he said:

> Now for what I am doing. I succeeded in renting a fine farme the 3rd day after I got to San Barnardino it has ten acres in peach and apple ortchard and 35 in grapes Oh dont I wish you and many others of my friends was here to help me to eat apples peaches and graps this fall and drink wine I got here a month to late to get in as large a crop as I wanted to the people was most done sowing when I got on my farm I have twelve acres in wheat 18 in barley which is now in the boot and I have 20 acres now planted in corn ten of which is large anough to plow [i.e., to *cultivate*—to keep down the weeds] and shall plant 8 more this week then I shall be done planting Letis large anoughf to eat of our own sowing but we have had lettis and cabage all winter which was growing here when we came We have our peas stuck and onions large anoughf to eat of our own planting. I set out 20 lbs of onion sets and about a quarter of an acre in onion seeds My potatoes is large anough to work peaches as large as small birds egs

This is the last period to appear in the letter and, therefore, worthy of note. Mark Twain, who thought a man dull who couldn't spell a word more than one way, would have treasured Nick, who continued,

> this is the finest climate in the world altho I dont know that i shall stay here and think I shall not for I did not start from home expecting to stop here but when we got heare we ware all so ner run through that we could not go any longer I no of places in California that I like better than I do her but if a man has got him a place here after the first year he can live as easy as any place in the world and as pleasant but I expect to go higher up in California or into Arisona or to one or the other. Now James I expect you expect for me to gave you an account of the country and perhaps to advise you whether to come here or not which I cannot do at this time any more than I could when I was thare I no that thare is places in California that I can recomend to any person but those places I have not see cicne I have bin her but as soon as my crop is harvested I shall look round and see something about whare I shall go or whare I like the best I dont like this part of California as well as I do some other parts and then thare is no chance to get land hear without buying second handed altho I would rither stay hear on rented land than to be in Iowa on land of my own and I can make more at that Just imagion that you don't have to feed any thing winter or somer only the animils you keep up to work all the ballance you rais is for sale and you can rase stock without any expence and ther is another satisfaction in being hear is we are mutch more free heare than thare we can say what we please heare and none dare molest or make us afraid I have enjoyed my self here cicne I have bin hear and seen more peace and freedom that I did the last three years I stayed in Iowa heare people that are Seces [i.e. "secesh," meaning Secessionist] make no boan in saying so they hollow for Jef Davis when they please Now friend Copla I would like to see you verry mutch and all the rest of my old friends and neighbors gave my respect to Dr. Henry Keables John Welch Port Welch and all of the Welch family that is thare John Roark Peter Bousquet John Nollen tell Nollen and Bousquet that I rote them both a letter and have not had a word from them also to Hospers and all the devenport Mr. Fisher R. Hamilton E.F. Grafe and all others of my friends that is there tell them all to write to me this letter is entended for them all but as soon as I can I will write to them separately as soon as I find out who is thare to write to I want you James to answer this letter as soon as this comes to hand and let me know who all has left thare Now I will say to you that Charles was a good boy on the road and mutch liked by all the train he was the best hand in the train you need not gave yourselves any uneasness about him he is sivil and attends to his own business he is well he is living with me at this time he cannot want while I have any thing Let me now everything that you think will be of any importance to me John Hamilton is on a farm about 5 miles from me Curtis and Rusaw is in sroader
>
> Beleave me as ever you cincear friend
>
> N.P. Earp

A most pronounced amnesia blankets many aspects of Wyatt Earp's life. Nick's doings on the trail to California evidence one such spell. Another occurs in San Bernardino. Wyatt's story of the San Bernardino days in the Flood manuscript is brief and not particularly illuminating. Lake spiced it up with a bunch of pipe dreams. Before covering the various accounts, it is absolutely necessary to review them and to consider the motivations behind them. First there are the public accounts, starting with the Flood manuscript, and ranging through Lake and later Frank Waters, whose *Earp Brothers of Tombstone* is alleged to be Mrs. Virgil Earp's memoir.

The Flood manuscript was primarily the Earps' attempt to fulfill silent movie star William S. Hart's desire to do Wyatt's story on the screen, coupled with Mrs. Earp's notion that it would make them rich. Aside from being obliging to his friends, Wyatt saw it as a possible response to various libels against him and his brothers at Tombstone, such as McClintock's semi-official history of Arizona. (Based on the stories of the Earps' political enemies, McClintock alleged that the Earps were actually the stage robbers they purported to be pursuing.) Lake's objective, pure and simple, was to make money, and he was obliged to pump up the Flood effort because it was, as one editor commented, "Stilted, and florid and diffuse."

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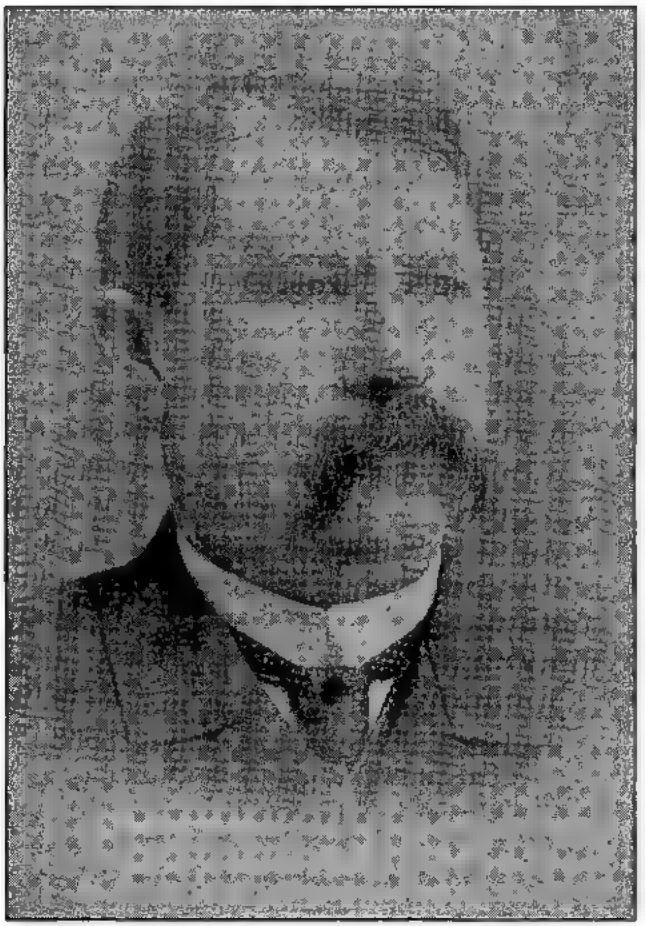


Author's Photo

Virgil Walter Earp, who combined with James Cooksey Earp to pull father Nicholas Earp off Wyatt in a family fight, probably saving Wyatt's life.

Despite its weaknesses of organization and style, however, the Flood manuscript is sometimes illuminating. For example, its first paragraph regarding San Bernardino states, "Around a table loaded with the fruits and sweetmeats of a southern clime, a family of five children [four children, Jim did not go all the way to San Bernardino] and a father and mother were seated at a feast of glorious thanksgiving in the little village of San Bernardino on Christmas Day of Eighteen Hundred and Sixty-four. There were evidences of their recently having come through an ordeal. The men didn't show the effects; [except] their skins were weathered and bronzed, but upon the countenances of the mother and her daughter, there were still the *signs of fatigue.*" At last someone got around to revealing that the trip West had been a hell of an ordeal for uncomplaining Ginnie Ann and little Adelia, and all those silent, suffering females like them.

The heavy style is quintessential Flood He elaborates further on the wonderful climate and the land, but really says nothing pertinent about Wyatt himself. After a few unreported years, he has Wyatt going back over the trail, this time as a freight wagon driver for Charles Christman.

Lake noticed the omission of exciting events and inserted a bunch of dramatics about Wyatt's driving stagecoaches for the legendary Phineas Banning and joining a sheriff's posse to rescue some beleaguered soldiers. In fact he did neither. However, Lake was convincing enough to stimulate Mrs. Virgil Earp into some comments to the family that were eminently true —also hilarious. (Notably she didn't mention them to her alleged biographer, Frank Waters.) She made the remarks because she resented what appeared to be Wyatt appropriating Virgil's thunder in the book, not realizing it was Lake who did it.

Aunt Allie recalled the most significant thing about the Earps' stay at San Bernardino, so far as Wyatt's future was concerned. It started when Virgil finally made it home from the Civil War, after spending the balance of 1865 with his Uncle Renz around Newton, Iowa. Virgil arrived in 1866 and did the stage driving that Lake appropriated for Wyatt. Then he started freighting, joined by brother Jimmy, who wasn't as crippled as he liked pension officers to believe. Jimmy had been in Austin and other Nevada hellholes, having splintered off into Nevada to see the elephant on his way west.

Meanwhile, Wyatt was again hoeing a row back at the ranch. He didn't like it. He ran off for a few days' vacation up around Big Bear Lake, hunting big bears and anything else he could find, borrowing one of Nick's horses in the bargain. He returned to the predictable reception at home and decided it was time to whip his old man, a not unknown variant on rights of passage.

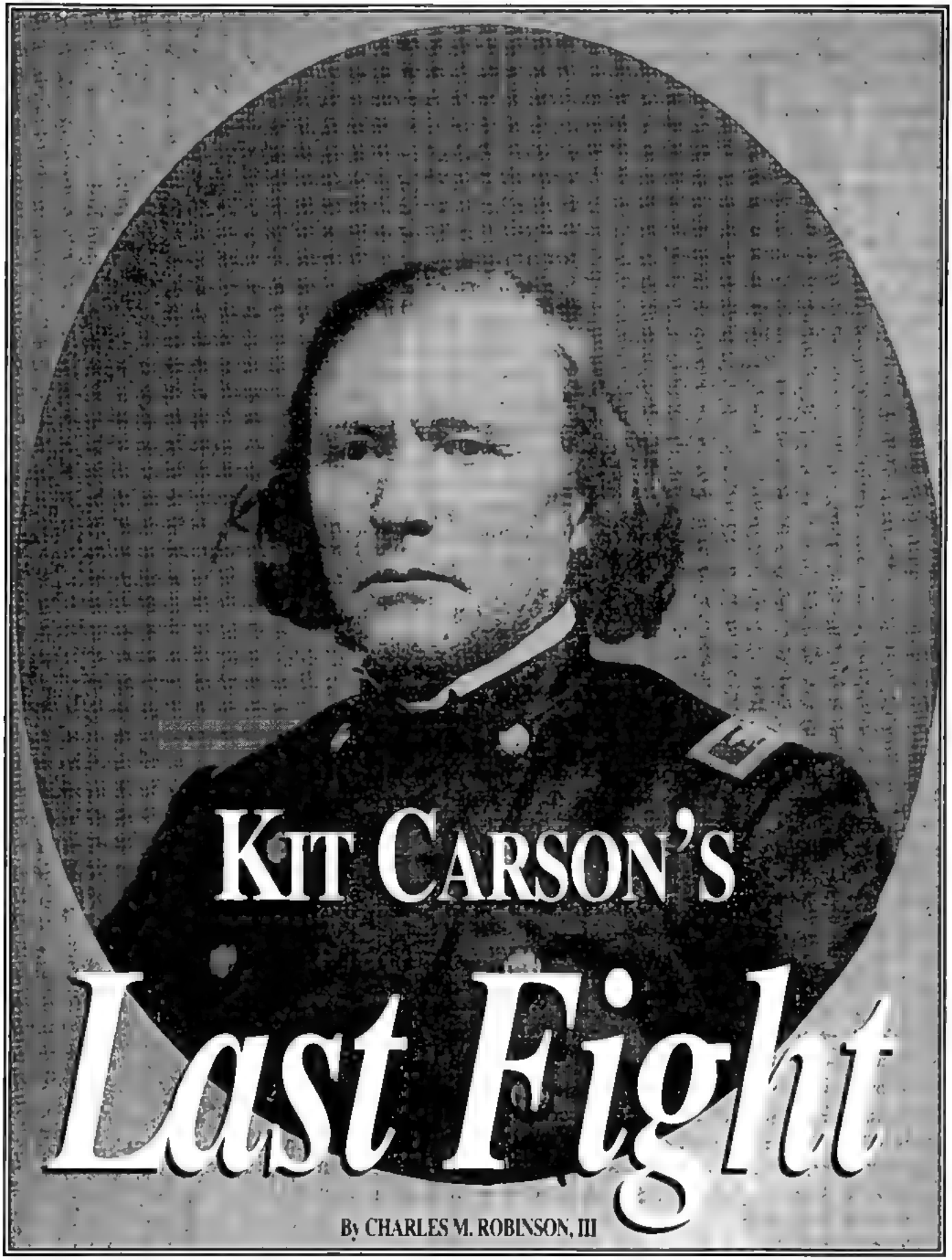
Allie tells the story, as recalled to me by her niece, Estelle Miller. "Virge heard the racket and ran out. Wyatt, like a little smart aleck hit the old man one side of the head and got a lesson from a pro, who kicked him where it did the most good. The old man then dumped him in the horse trough, but he didn't know Wyatt was puking and almost drowned him. Ma Earp ran out and yelled, 'You're killing the boy!' and got told she hadn't seen anything yet. His Pa jerked him out of the trough and was about to punch hell out of him when Jimmy and Virge pulled him off. When he cooled down he admitted, 'I didn't know the damn fool was almost drowning.' He kicked him off the place anyhow."

THAT'S WHEN VIRGIL took Wyatt with him as a swamper (i.e., flunky), driving a freight wagon to Salt Lake City. After that Virge got them both a job on the Union Pacific which was building west. The huge profits that Wyatt allegedly made freighting and on the Union Pacific were pure Lake. Both Wyatt and Virgil started out as shovel men, and Virge eventually teamed with a slip scraper while Wyatt "got rich" with an Irish banjo (i.e. shovel).

When Nick decided to leave San Bernardino in 1868, he teamed east as far as the railhead and looked up his boys. By then he'd cooled down and came as close to apologizing as he ever did to anyone in his life. He said to Wyatt, "Hell, kid, you shouldn't have tried that. I just lost my temper. I used to rap the heads of two like you together every night back in Pella."

Wyatt may have learned something about lawing from that. He was a good barroom scrapper in later years, but not as good as Lake made him out. In 1900 he would try to trim another old man who was built about like Nick and was fated to get his plow cleaned. If Lake really asked him if he had ever lost a fight, and if Wyatt replied, "Never," as Lake had him do, then it was a case of that well-developed Earp amnesia operating again.

Next Month: California and Missouri



KIT CARSON'S Last Fight

By CHARLES M. ROBINSON, III

Museum of New Mexico

Colonel Christopher "Kit" Carson, who led Federal troops against warring Kiowas and Comanches at the first battle of Adobe Walls.

Kit Carson's fight against Kiowas at Adobe Walls in the Texas Panhandle in 1864 often remains in the shadow of the second Adobe Walls fight, famous for Billy Dixon's "long shot," ten years later. Nevertheless, the first Adobe Walls fight capped an unusually bloody year on the plains. It marked Carson's last major military action, saw the effective use of artillery against Indians, and ended a long period of Indian aggression.

In 1864, North and South were locked in the third year of the Civil War. With their energies directed toward fighting in the East, both governments were powerless to prevent Indian raids in the West.

Indians had been reasonably quiet just before the war, but in the winter of 1861–62 a smallpox epidemic devastated them and left survivors bitter and restless. They soon began raiding wagon roads connecting the East with settlements in Colorado and New Mexico.

Whites also urged hostilities. General Albert Pike, Confederate commander in Indian Territory, admitted he allowed raids along the roads to Colorado to divert Indians from Texas, and Confederate agents were suspected of provoking Indian depredations throughout federal areas. On the other hand, Kiowas acknowledged that United States authorities encouraged them to raid into Confederate territory.

Sporadic at first, those raids escalated in 1863. Late that year and in early 1864 rumors spread of a general uprising involving all the major tribes of the plains. Both Union and Confederate officials reported that the Kiowas, Comanches, Southern Cheyennes, and Arapahos were consolidating in vast winter camps far out on the plains.

IN APRIL 1864, a federal government physician, sent to vaccinate the plains tribes against further smallpox outbreaks, warned of Kiowa, Comanche, and Cheyenne intentions to raid into Texas and, if successful, north into Union territory. Trouble broke out that same month, when Colonel John Chivington, commander of federal forces in Colorado Territory, reported that Cheyennes stole 175 head of cattle from government contractors on the Smoky Hill Road to Denver. About the same time, a party of troops overtook a band of Cheyennes on their way to raid against the Crows. A fight erupted, and two troopers were mortally wounded.

As Cheyennes and federal troops skirmished in Colorado, Kiowa chief Satanta led a raid near Menard, Texas, where he and his warriors killed several whites and captured a settler's wife. Withdrawing to Fort Larned, Kansas, the Kiowas got into a fight with troops at the post, stole the military horse herd, and retreated onto the plains. The uprising was now general. Virtually every major tribe on the plains was at war against both the United States and the Confederacy.

Museum of New Mexico

Brevet Brigadier General James Carleton, a superb tactician who sent Carson on the offensive against hostile Indians.

Slaughter on both sides marked the remainder of the year. The Kiowas and Comanches raided up the Arkansas and Cimarron rivers, from Kansas into Colorado. The Sioux and Arapahos joined the Cheyenne uprising in eastern Colorado, effectively isolating Denver. There was butchery on both sides, however. Cut off from support from the east, the Colorado territorial government responded with a military campaign that culminated in Chivington's massacre of peaceful Cheyennes at Sand Creek.

IN CONFEDERATE TERRITORY, Kiowas and Comanches attacked settlements in Young County, Texas, October 13. The attack, which became known as the "Elm Creek Raid," was one of the worst raids in the state's history. Eleven whites were killed and Indians captured seven women and children; all but one child were eventually ransomed.

The Indians took most of the prisoners to their winter camps on the Canadian River near Adobe Walls, a ruined trading post which William Bent had built twenty years earlier and subsequently abandoned. Unknown to the Indians, however, General James H. Carleton, commander of the United States Army's Department of New Mexico, knew the camps were somewhere in the vicinity of the Canadian and dispatched troops under Carson to find and destroy them.

Christopher "Kit" Carson was born in Kentucky, December 24, 1809. As a youth, he joined a band of trappers heading west. Despite his size (he was just over five feet tall), he became a giant among frontiersmen, well-known as a mountain man, trader, scout, and Indian fighter. Carson could work with Indians as well as against them, and most recently had been a successful Indian agent in northern New Mexico. When the war broke out, he sided with the Union, leading volunteers who policed the frontier while regular soldiers fought in the East. Carson's capacity for cooperative leadership and natural tactical skill made him unusual—perhaps unique—among men famous for their uncompromising individuality.

Carson and Carleton were old friends, and the general's careful coordination of the frontiersman's campaigns was a key to Carson's success as a military commander. As colonel of the First New Mexico Volunteer Cavalry, Carson repaid Carleton's interest with absolute loyalty. In 1862

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Carleton had sent Carson to reactivate the abandoned post of Fort Stanton, where he put down a serious uprising of Mescalero Apaches in less than four months. Earlier in 1864 he scored a decisive victory against Navajos in Canyon de Chelley. Now, nearing the end of his career, he prepared to fight one last major engagement.

Carson arrived at Fort Bascom, New Mexico, November 3, with seventy-five Ute and Jicarilla Apache scouts. He left two days later with units of the First California Cavalry, his own First New Mexico Cavalry, and the First California Infantry—a total of fourteen officers, 321 enlisted men, and the seventy-five Indian scouts. He also had a sizable wagon train with enough provisions to last through the end of the year, and two mountain howitzers under Lieutenant George Pettis. One can only wonder what prompted Carson to take the howitzers; artillery was generally useless in Indian fights, as Indians rarely presented a massed target for gunners. In this case, however, the decision was correct and the howitzers proved decisive in the coming fight.

The force moved toward Adobe Walls, two hundred miles east of Fort Bascom. Carson intended to establish a base camp at the Walls, where he would leave his wagons and move ahead with pack mules in search of the main Indian winter camp, which he presumed was in Palo Duro Canyon.

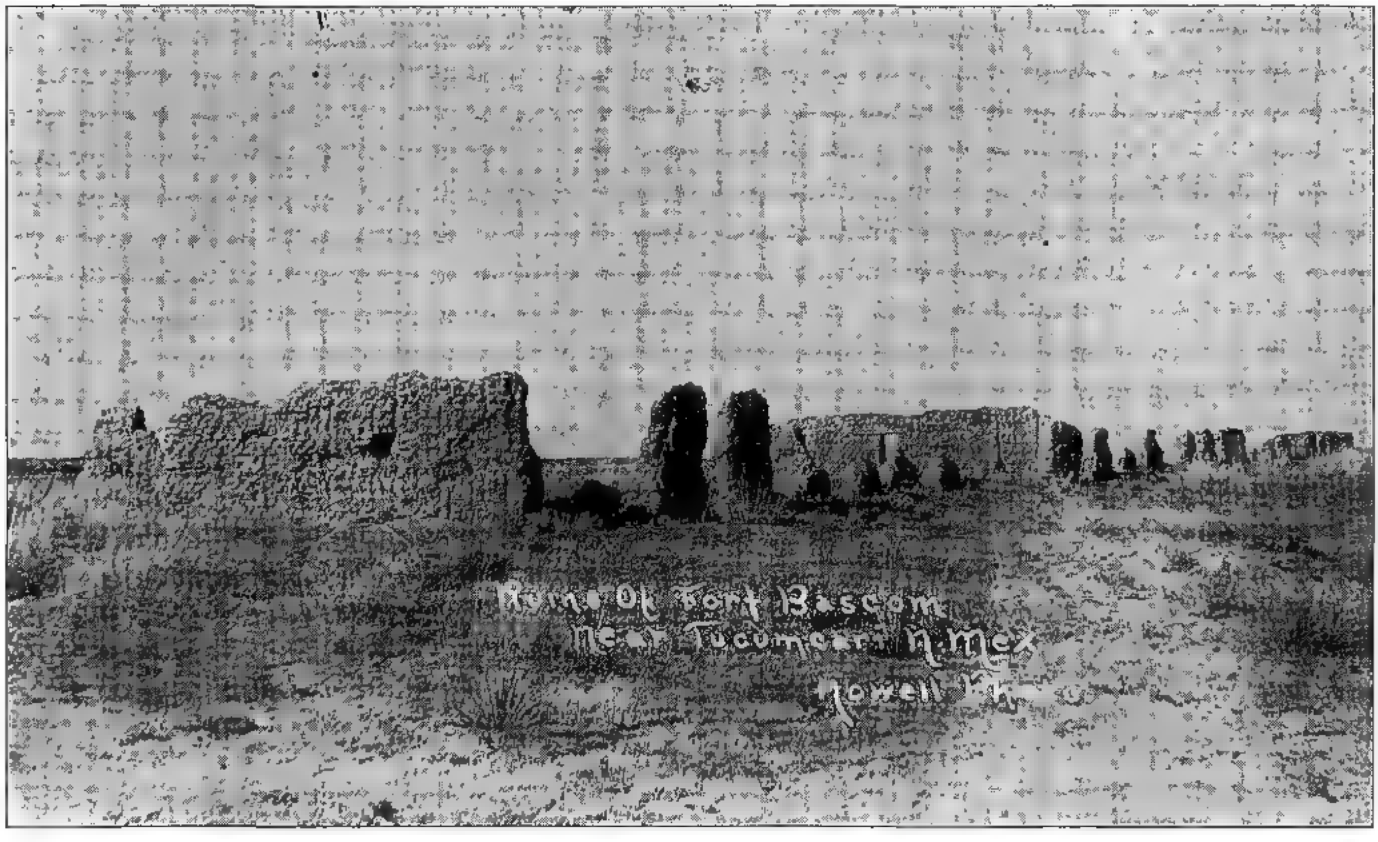
On November 24, the troops camped at Arroyo de la Mula, thirty miles west of Adobe Walls. From there Carson sent two Indians with orders to scout ahead for signs of hostiles. The scouts returned an hour or two after sundown, and said they believed there was a large camp of Kiowas and Comanches in the vicinity. Carson ordered the wagons loaded, and left them in the charge of Lieutenant Colonel F.P. Abreu of the First New Mexico Cavalry, with infantry and dismounted cavalry. Carson pushed ahead with the entire mounted force and Lieutenant Pettis's howitzers. After marching fifteen miles down the Canadian, he ordered a halt while the scouts once again moved ahead. They returned two hours before daybreak, and the command resumed its march down the river

About 8:30 A.M. some of the men were out rounding up their ponies when they saw soldiers creeping up. They dashed back to give the alarm, and the soldiers, from a company sent ahead of the main column, followed close behind in regular order.

About an hour after daybreak November 25, the troops saw a party of Indians on the opposite bank, challenging them to cross. Carson sent Major William McCleave of the First California Cavalry, with a company in pursuit. Carson continued downriver.

Five miles ahead of the column was an Indian camp of about 150 lodges. Most of the younger men were out raiding, leaving Dohasen, the aging paramount chief of the Kiowas, in charge. Many suffered from trachoma (a chronic and contagious inflammation of the inner surface of the eyelid) which was widespread in the camp

About 8:30 A.M. some of the men were out rounding up their ponies when they saw soldiers creeping up



Museum of New Mexico

The ruins of Fort Bascom, New Mexico, which Carson used as a base for his expedition to Adobe Walls

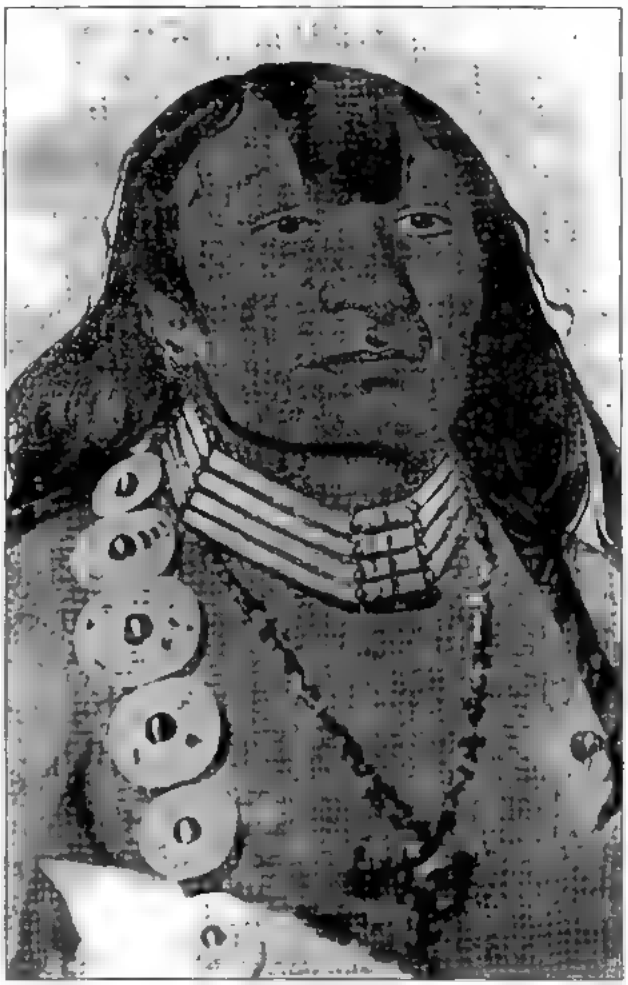
They dashed back to give the alarm, and the soldiers, from a company sent ahead of the main column, followed close behind in regular order. Hearing shots, Carson concluded the fight had started and sent another detachment ahead while he followed close behind with the artillery.

In the camp, women dropped their breakfast preparations, grabbed their children, and ran. The available men jumped on their horses and rode out to fight. Old Dohasen leaped on his pony and, despite his age, galloped downstream to warn the rest of the tribe.

The soldiers were now inside the camp. The Utes charged ahead, riding about and shouting to stampede the Kiowa pony herd. Stumbling Bear, one of the leading Kiowa warriors in the camp, and who later became prominent in the tribe's peace faction, mounted a horse and charged among the soldiers, killing a trooper and a Ute, and unhorsing a second trooper.

One officer later said the Kiowas "had a regular bugler, who sounded the calls as well as they are sounded for troops." Carson later insisted the bugler was white, although some of the officers believed it was an Indian, most likely Satanta, whose trademark among whites was a bugle.

Ultimately, the whites forced the Indians to abandon the camp. Several old warriors, blinded by trachoma and unable to escape, were killed by the Ute women searching for plunder.



Author's Collection

Dohasen, the paramount chief of the Kiowas who fought Carson's troops.

WHILE THEY might have fled the camp, Carson noted the Kiowas "hotly contested" the four miles from there to the ruins at Adobe Walls. Reaching the Walls, they turned and prepared for a stand. McCleave's company arrived and, as senior officer, he took command of the troops. The Indians made several desperate charges, but McCleave held them off until Carson came with the howitzers. The guns were wheeled into position and the Indians broke off the fight and retreated, leaving the soldiers in possession of the Walls.

Carson had hoped to capture the Indian pony herd. His own horses, however, were exhausted from more than twenty-four hours of marching, so he ordered them unsaddled and told his men to have breakfast. He then planned to return to the village and destroy it.

Unknown to Carson, there was a much larger village of some 350 lodges three miles east of the Walls. When Dohasen arrived to warn them of the attack, the women panicked, and began wailing and collecting their children. Then they fled to the east while the warriors tied up their horses' tails, assembled their weapons, and rode west to protect the camp.

Surveying the area with his field glasses while his men rested, Carson spotted the band, which he estimated as "at least 1,000 warriors, mounted on first-class horses." He immediately ordered his troopers to saddle their horses, but by the time they had done so the Indians had them surrounded.

Lieutenant Pettis recalled the ensuing fight, saying, "Quite a number of the enemy acted as skirmishers, being dismounted and hid in the tall grass in our front, and made it hot for most of us by their excellent marksmanship, while quite the larger part of them, mounted and covered with their war dresses, charged continually across our front, from right to left and vice versa, about 200 yards from our line of skirmishers, yelling like demons, and firing from under the necks of their horses at intervals.

THROUGHOUT THE fight, the Indian bugler sat about two hundred yards behind his own lines, blowing the opposite calls of the army bugler. "When our bugles sounded the 'advance,' he would blow 'retreat,' and when ours sounded the 'retreat,' he would follow with the 'advance'; ours would signal 'halt,' he would follow suit," Pettis wrote. The soldiers repulsed several charges before Pettis's howitzers finally drove the Kiowas out of range.

Carson guessed the Kiowas planned to pin him down in the Walls until dark, then strike their camps and escape. Determined to destroy the smaller camp at least, he deployed his troops to provide a cover and began retreating back upriver to the camp.

Carson later wrote, "The Indians, seeing my object, again advanced, with the evident intention of saving their village and property, if possible. Now commenced the most severe fighting of the day. The Indians charged so repeatedly and with such desperation that for some time I had serious doubts for the safety of my rear." Carson's men, however, remained calm and returned a steady fire, "causing...[the Indians] to retire on every occasion with great slaughter."

Unable to penetrate the column, the Indians fired the grass in the rear. The wind blew it forward, forcing the rear guard to close up. Pettis wrote, "They drove us to the foothills, and by riding in the rear of the fire, as it came burning toward us, they would occasionally get within a few yards of

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the column; being enveloped in the smoke, they would deliver the fire of their rifles and get out of harm's way."

To create a break, Carson fired the grass ahead, and the wind blew the blaze away from him. Then he moved his command to an elevated position where he wheeled his artillery into place. When the Kiowas tried to advance through the smoke and flame, the howitzers drove them back. One shell went completely through a Comanche warrior's horse, then flew another two or three hundred yards before exploding. The horse pitched forward, throwing the rider at least twenty feet and knocking him senseless. Two other warriors swung down from their horses and, each grabbing one of the injured Comanche's arms, retrieved him amid a hail of gunfire from Carson's skirmishers.

Eventually the Indians' fire reached Carson's backfire and burned itself out, and the troops moved on toward the village. When they were barely five hundred yards from the lodges, the Kiowas made a last, desperate charge in an attempt to save some of their property, but the howitzers forced them back for good. Secure now, the troops destroyed about 150 lodges, with stores and munitions, and captured "a buggy and sprung wagon, the property of Sierrito or Little Mountain [Dohasen], the Kiowa chief of the Indians which I engaged."

Archives and Manuscripts Division, Oklahoma Historical Society

Kiowa leader Stumbling Bear led several charges at the Adobe Walls fight and emerged unhurt, although a dozen bullets pierced the shawl he wore.

COMMENTING ON the Indians themselves, Carson wrote, "The principal number were Kiowas with a small number of Comanches, Apaches, and Arapahos, all of which were armed with rifles, and I must say that they acted with more daring and bravery than I have ever before witnessed."

Carson realized that he had escaped disaster largely because of the howitzers. Deeming it unsafe to remain in the area, he withdrew without attempting to take the larger camp.

Government losses were ultimately listed as two soldiers killed and twenty-one wounded, several mortally. One Ute scout was killed and four wounded. The government estimated sixty-five hostiles killed and wounded, although Kiowa sources put their death toll at five. The Indians hid the Elm Creek captives during the fight, and the soldiers, unaware of their presence, failed to rescue them.

In his report to General Carleton, Carson wrote, "I have since been told by Mexican traders that the Indians have in their possession five white women and two children. If we can take some of their women and children I may be able to buy the white women and children from them. I would here suggest that no more of these traders be allowed to go among these Indians. On the day of the fight I destroyed a large amount of powder, lead, caps &c., and I have no doubt that this and the very bullets with which my men were killed were sold by these Mexicans not ten days before."

Carson directed his anger less at the traders than at the superintendent of Indian Affairs, who issued trade licenses knowing "perfectly well at the time that we were at war with the Indians."

FROM A purely tactical standpoint, the Adobe Walls fight was a draw. Carson had attacked the Indians and destroyed part of their camp and stores, but had to withdraw before inflicting irreparable damage. Indeed, he had barely been able to save his command. Yet, as his recent biographers Thelma S. Guild and Harvey Carter have pointed out, he saved his command against odds similar to those Lieutenant Colonel George Armstrong Custer faced at the Little Bighorn almost twelve years later. Unlike Custer, however, Carson was not hunting glory but was executing a carefully planned attack for the sole purpose of suppressing the raiders. The advance information from his scouts, his experience in Indian fighting (which Custer lacked), his thoughtful inclusion of the two howitzers, and his and his officers' coolheadedness combined to save most of the command.

General Carleton acknowledged as much in a message congratulating the officers and men, as well as the Utes and Apaches. As for Carson himself, Carleton wrote, "This brilliant affair adds another green leaf to the laurel wreath you have so nobly won in the service of your country." As an additional statement of the government's esteem, Carson was brevetted to brigadier general

While the tactical victory is questionable, the Adobe Walls fight made a deep impression on the Indians. For the first time, white soldiers had effectively invaded their territory and struck at their base camps. Carson's action, together with the transfer of some eight thousand Federal troops from eastern war zones, brought an end to the Kiowas' and Comanches' aggression.

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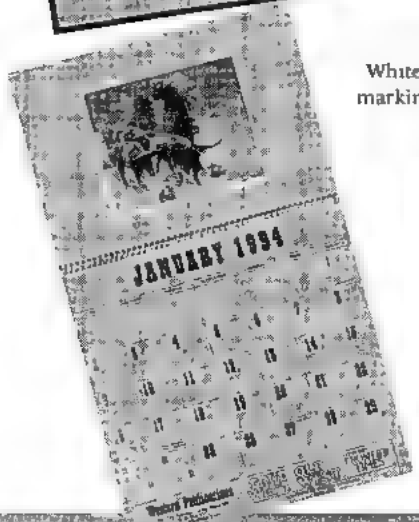

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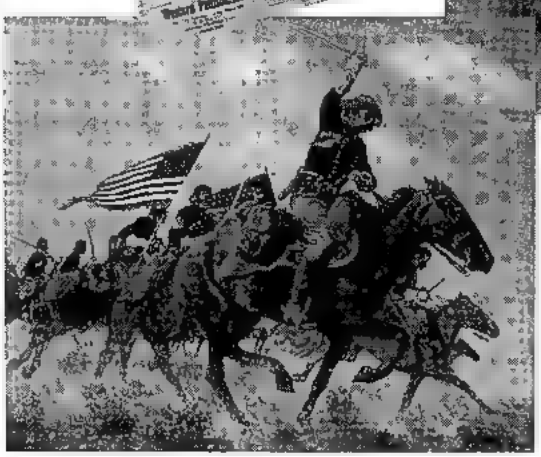

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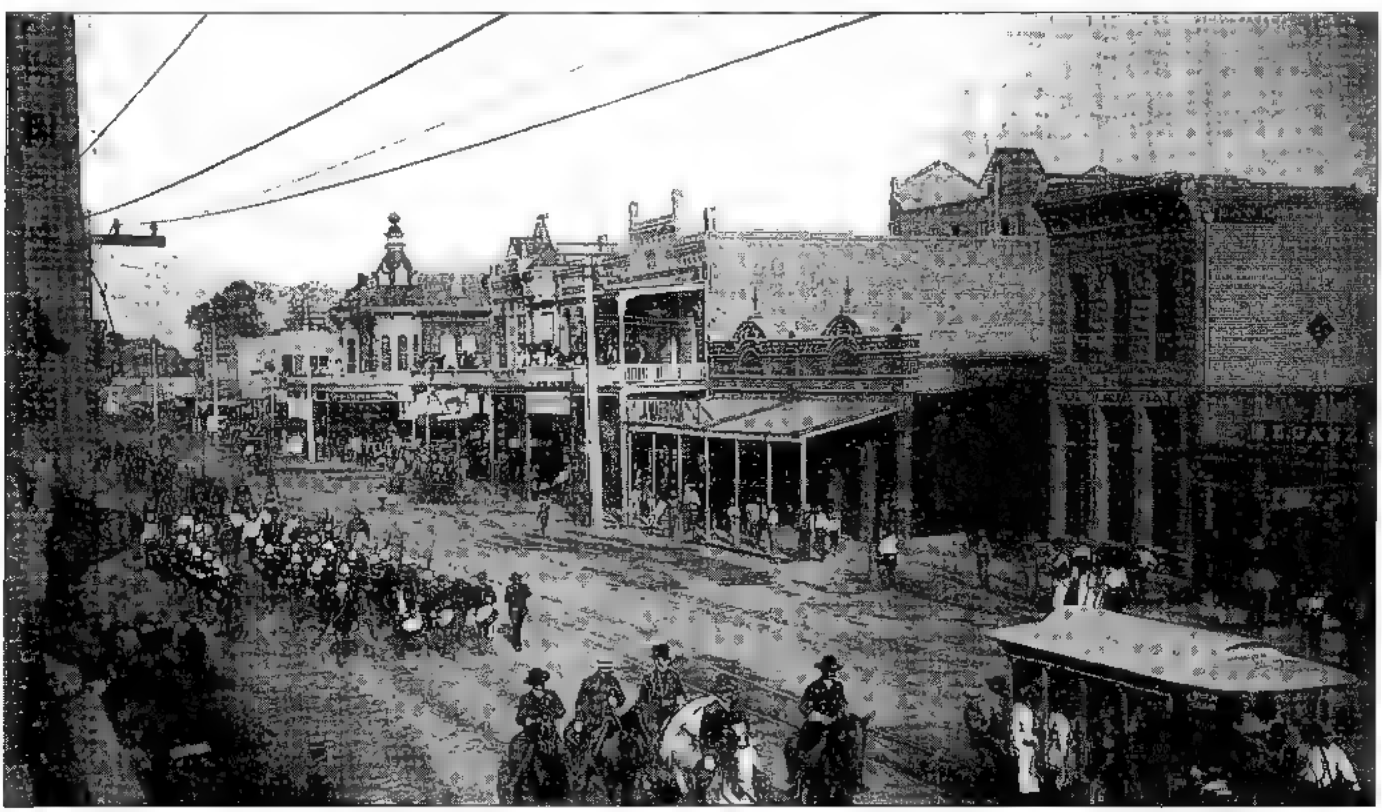
By HAROLD L. EDWARDS

Arizona Territory had many fatal shootings. Some, like the OK Corral gunfight in 1881, became legendary. Some resulted from drunken brawls, some from political bad blood, and some from disputes over the affections of a woman. But when William E. Price shot William Shurburt in Phoenix, October 8, 1894, it was over a point of honor.

The killing shocked Phoenix residents. No one who knew Shurburt and Price would have believed that a confrontation between them would lead to murder, a near mob action, a jailbreak, and a shootout with lawmen.

Both men were respected and well-known members of the community. William Shurburt was thirty-six years old, married with three children and one on the way. He was a cement mason and plasterer, and was in partnership in a business with Al Barton. Shurburt was a hard-working and honest man, large of stature, outgoing, and known for his sense of humor. He had settled in Phoenix in 1893, arriving there from St. Louis, Missouri.

William Price was originally from Texas, and most recently from New Mexico. He also arrived in Phoenix in 1893. Small of stature, Price was variously employed as a teamster, cowboy, and threshing machine operator. He was unmarried and had a reputation for sobriety, steadiness, and industry. Price was well-liked and considered inoffensive.



Arizona Historical Society

Phoenix, Arizona Territory, in 1895, about the time William Price shot and killed William Shurburt.

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FOURTH YEAR.

IN COLD BLOOD!

Wm. E. Price Shoots W. F. Shurbert.

The Most Cruel Murder In Phoenix.

A FATAL POKER GAME.

Revenge of a Humiliated Man.

The Pitiful Crawling of His Wounded Victim.

A MERCILESS MURDERER.

Indignant Citizens Talk Loudly of a Lynching.

Precautions Taken at the Jail Against Abnormally Swift Justice.

An October 9, 1894, *Arizona Republican* headline announces William Price's shooting of William Shurburt.

Shurburt and Price sat in a poker game with several others in the OK Saloon the evening of October 7, 1894. Neither was armed and neither appeared to be looking for trouble. During one hand, all the players but Price and Shurburt folded. Each man raised and counter-raised until Shurburt called Price. Price put his cards on the table and said, "Two pairs, queens up." Shurburt claimed a flush and as he put his stacked cards on the table he scooped in the wagered chips. Price, however, fanned Shurburt's cards and discovered that the diamond flush contained one spade. Price objected but Shurburt gathered Price's chips in as well.

Price jumped to his feet and approached the larger man. A fight erupted and Shurburt trounced Price thoroughly. Degraded and humiliated, Price left the saloon. Shurburt took the chips to the bartender and told him to give the money to Price the next time he came in the saloon. Shurburt went home.

Later that evening Price, openly carrying a pistol, returned to the saloon in search of Shurburt. The bartender told Price that Shurburt had gone home, and he tried to convince Price to leave the gun with him for safekeeping. The barman may have even given Price the money Shurburt left for him. In any event, Price left the saloon and didn't return that night.

Early the next morning Price walked into the saloon and stood at the bar. He didn't appear to be armed or looking for trouble. He said little and had several drinks, although none of them contained alcohol.

About 11:30 A.M. Shurburt walked by the front of the saloon. Price hurried after him and confronted him on the sidewalk. Price said, "You know you are a god-damned robber; you stole that money last night and by God I'm going to do you. I'm fixed for you this time!"

Shurburt tried to mollify Price by saying the whole thing "was a josh," and that Price's money was waiting for him at the OK Saloon bar. Price drew his hidden revolver and Shurburt said he was going to have the sheriff arrest him for carrying a concealed weapon. Shurburt didn't understand that Price didn't care about the money but was upset over a point of honor.

Standing nearby was a man named McClintock, city editor of the *Phoenix Gazette*, who had seen and heard the entire incident. As Price raised the pistol, McClintock jumped between the men and deflected Price's aim. The shot went past Shurburt, who realized then that Price fully intended to kill him. While Price grappled with McClintock Shurburt sprinted across the street.

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McClintock tried to wrestle the gun from Price, but the enraged Price tore himself from McClintock's grasp and fired a shot at the fleeing Shurburt. The bullet struck Shurburt in the hip, but he continued to run. Price ran a few steps after Shurburt and fired another shot. That second bullet broke both bones in Shurburt's lower right leg and threw him to the ground. Shurburt, looking back at Price, tried to crawl away, but Price ran up to him, placed the muzzle of the revolver to Shurburt's back, just under the right shoulder blade, and fired. The bullet went through both of Shurburt's lungs. Still not satisfied, Price triggered a shot at the back of Shurburt's head. At that instant Shurburt turned his head and the bullet missed, although the muzzle-blast burned the back of his neck and the side of his face.

Before Price could fire his last shot, McClintock, perhaps showing more courage than sense, jumped on him and again tried to get the gun. As Price tried to train his weapon on McClintock, a deputy United States marshal ran forward, placed his pistol against Price's stomach, and told him to surrender. Price gave up as other officers and townsmen gathered around him.

Shurburt was unarmed during the affray, and the shooting enraged local citizens. Almost instantly there was talk of lynching Price; the situation grew tense. An officer drew his pistol and advised the mob that the first man to make a hostile move would die in the interest of good order. With weapons drawn, the officers walked Price down the streets and into the jail. During the tense moments Price remained calm and even told his protectors, "Any man would have done the same thing under the circumstances."

ANGRY MEN still stood on the streets while Shurburt, groaning in agony, was carried to a nearby doctor's office. The physician quickly realized that the wound through Shurburt's lungs was fatal. Death, however, would not be instant. A man named P. Minor went to get Shurburt's wife, who was stunned by the tragedy. She fainted and needed medical attention. When she revived she asked that her husband be taken to the home of her uncle, Redmond Toohey.

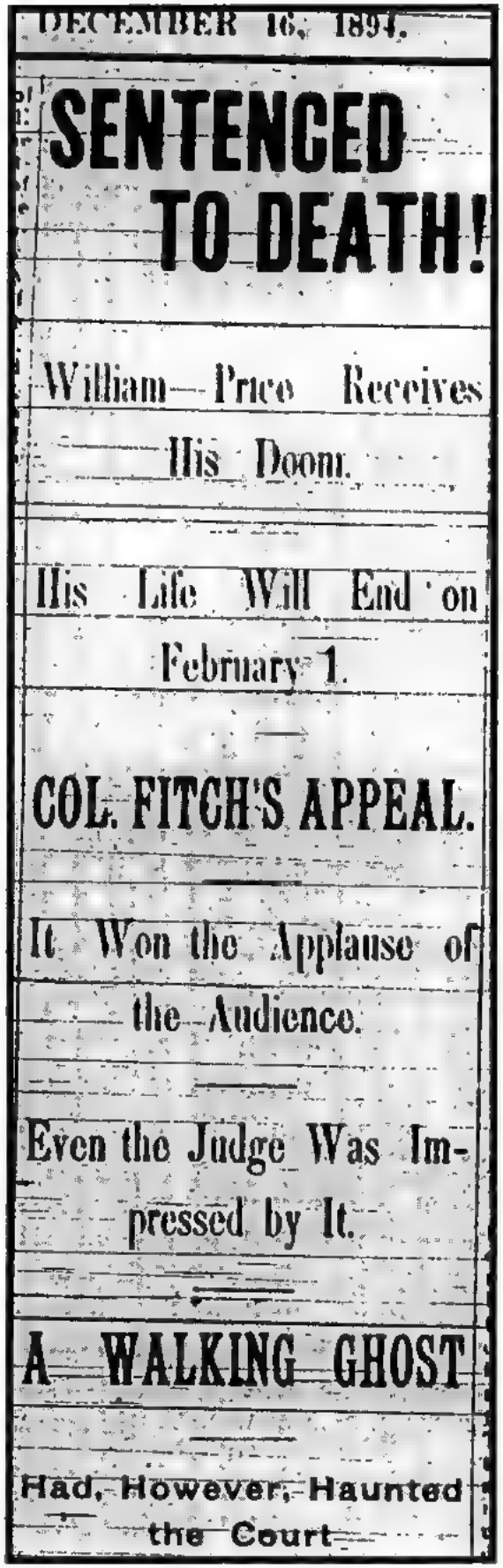
The district attorney, a man named Williams, hoping to get a "dying statement," interviewed Shurburt. The wounded man refused to make a statement, saying that he might recover and that he did not want to prosecute Price. However, a short time later Shurburt called the district attorney to his side and gave him a confidential statement, which the district attorney did not make public. In the meantime, officials charged Price with assault with a deadly weapon with intent to kill.

DISTRAUGHT CITIZENS still roamed the streets, and many still called for a lynching. The situation did not ease with time, and officers prepared for the worst. They doubled jail guards and, as a show of force, an armed deputy paced in front of the jail door. Officers circulated in the crowd to determine its mood and to give officers in the jail warning if mob action began. The night passed without incident and the threat of lynching waned.

William Shurburt died after twenty-six agonizing hours. A team of physicians made him as comfortable as possible, but could do little else for him. He was lucid to the end and during his last moment called his wife to his side. "Goodbye, I'm going now," he said. Shurburt's funeral was in the Catholic church and he was buried in the Phoenix Cemetery.

The charge against Price was amended to first degree murder. Price and his attorneys from the law firm of Fitch and Campbell waived all preliminary proceedings, and Price remained in jail without bail to await his trial.

With much press fanfare, the trial began in Phoenix December 7. The jury consisted of R.G. Goodwin, Boyd Passey, Moses Butlock, J. Moore, R.H. Drane, J.S. Gilbert, W.A. McDonald, E.A. Perkins, H.S. Wallace, J.B.



DECEMBER 16, 1894.

SENTENCED TO DEATH!

William—Price Receives His Doom.

His Life Will End on February 1.

COL. FITCH'S APPEAL.

It Won the Applause of the Audience.

Even the Judge Was Impressed by It.

A WALKING GHOST

Had, However, Haunted the Court

Author's Collection

The December 16, 1894, *Arizona Republican* boldly proclaimed William Price's court-imposed death sentence

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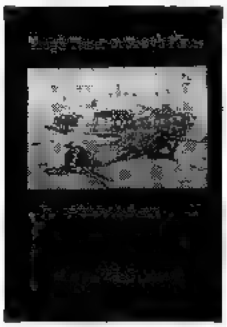

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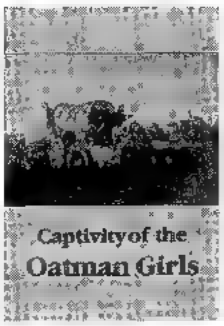

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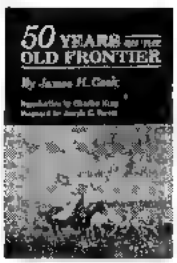

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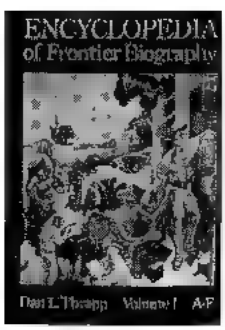

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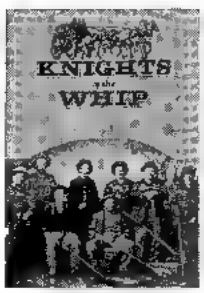

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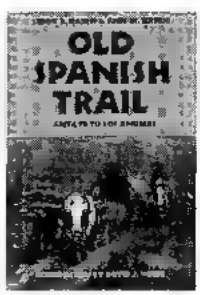

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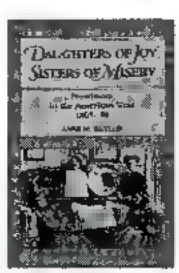

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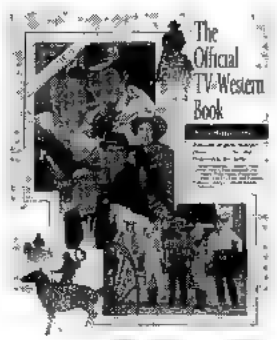

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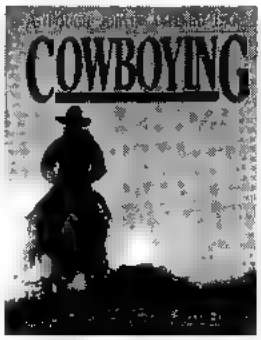

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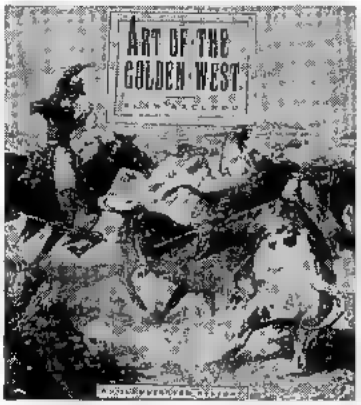

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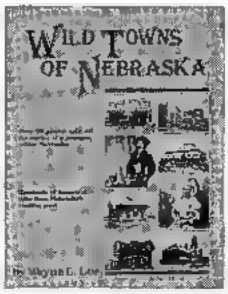

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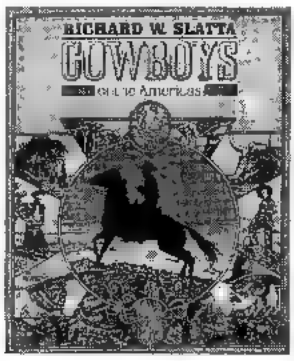

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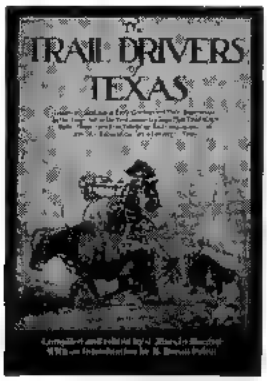

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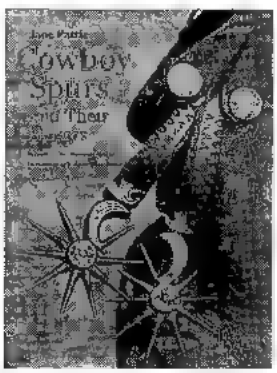

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Stevenson, James Cosby, and Ambrose Swinder. The trial moved rapidly and the jury went into deliberations the evening of December 8.

On their first ballot, eight jurors voted for a verdict of murder, three for manslaughter, and one for acquittal. On the next ballot the acquittal vote changed to manslaughter. Deliberations continued, and at midnight the jurors returned a verdict of first degree murder.

Price appeared for sentencing December 15 and was condemned to death by hanging on February 1, 1895, in the Phoenix jail yard. Price told his attorneys that he preferred death to a prison term. However, he had no intention of hanging; he secretly had six hacksaw blades which had been smuggled to him during the trial.

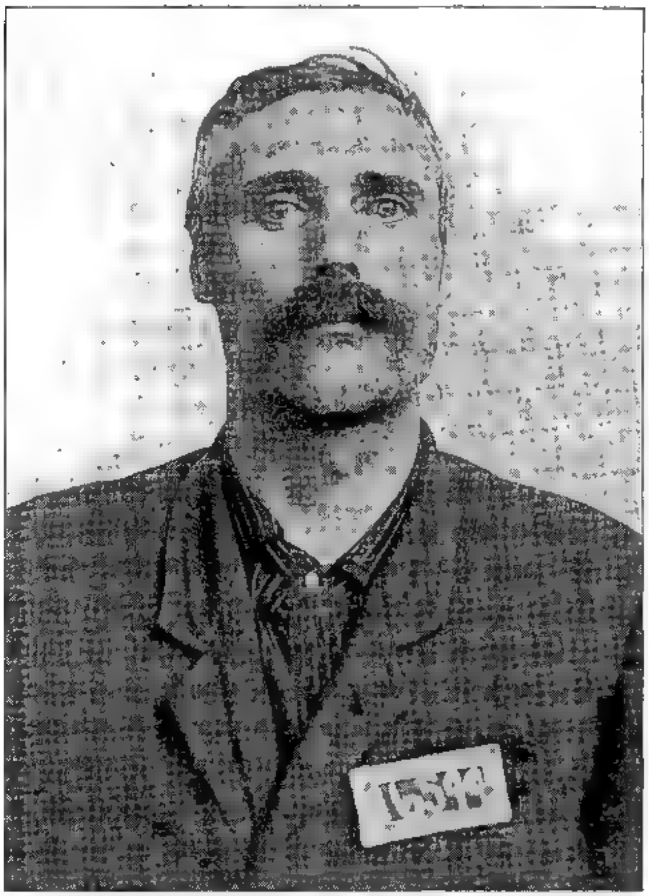
Late on the afternoon of December 26, 1894, Price and a fellow prisoner, James Young, who was in jail on a federal counterfeiting charge, escaped from the Maricopa County jail. In an enclosed area adjacent to their cells, they sawed through several chains which held grated doors closed. They were able to open the doors, walk out of the building, and jump over a fence which surrounded the jail's backyard. J.B. Hocher, a citizen, saw them running down a nearby alley. Suspecting the running men were escapees, Hocher dashed to the jail office and reported the incident. A quick search revealed that Price and Young were gone.

Maricopa County Deputy Sheriff Frank Prothero took charge of the ensuing search. With a posse of officers and volunteers, Prothero scoured the city. He was unsuccessful, but not overly concerned, for he thought the men were still hiding in the city and would be found shortly. In reality the fugitives were already mounted and riding for Mexico.

ON THEIR ESCAPE, Price and Young had hurried to a place in southeast Phoenix where horses, saddles, weapons, and supplies—all left by two of Price's friends, James Burson and Morris Hamilton—awaited them. The horses were Price's and he was familiar with them. While possemen searched the city, the fugitives rode west toward Buckeye in open country. Knowing that their pursuers would believe they would go to Mexico by a direct route with plenty of water (probably east through Casa Grande and Nogales), the men elected to go west through sparsely populated desert, then veer southwest of Gila Bend for a run into Sonoita in Sonora.

The outlaws made good time that night and the following day. They skirted Buckeye to the south and pushed their horses on to Sentinal, about thirty miles west of Gila Bend on the Southern Pacific railroad line.

Finally, Prothero determined that the men may have gotten out of town, and he telegraphed all points around Phoenix to watch for them. He also provided descriptions of the men, a prudent move, for on December 28 Sentinal Southern Pacific telegrapher C.L. Bowers wired Prothero that the outlaws had been seen the previous night in Sentinal, and that they were headed south.



California Sate Archives

James Young survived a gunfught with law enforcement officers to serve a federal term in California's San Quentin prison.

Learning that his quarry was probably in the desert south of Sentinal, Prothero wired that town to have horses, saddles, and supplies waiting for him as he and a companion would leave Phoenix on the next train. He also asked for a guide, as he was unfamiliar with the area, and wired fellow deputy sheriff Bill Kellogg at Agua Caliente, near Sentinal, to meet him there and join the search. With a deputized friend, Billy Moore, Prothero left Phoenix on the seventy-mile trip to Sentinal.

Prothero thought the fugitives might make it to Mexico as they had a good start. As an added precaution, before he left Phoenix Prothero got a letter from the Mexican consulate in Phoenix directing Mexican border officials to help him in any way they could. He also obtained a letter from the consul to Charlie Cervantes, a leading Sonoita citizen, asking his help in arresting Price and Young.

Everyone knew the officers were in for a hard chase, and the *Arizona Republican* predicted a fight if the officers overtook the fugitives. The newspaper's editor thought Price had nothing to lose as he was under a death sentence anyway. By fighting he might even escape his fate by fleeing into Mexico. The newsman added that James Young was the most formidable of the two fugitives, and was a "bad man who was skilled in the use of weapons." At the same time, the press lauded the pursuing officers as experienced and competent manhunters Arizona waited impatiently for the drama to unfold

Prothero and Moore arrived in Sentinal later in the day of December 28. Kellogg was waiting for them with the horses and supplies (although apparently without a guide), and the posse left immediately for the area south of Sentinal. They scouted the region for three days to no avail. On December 31, exhausted, out of supplies, and their horses jaded, the possemen returned to Sentinal. They learned that two other men were also

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hunting the fugitives south of Sentinal but heard no news of their progress.

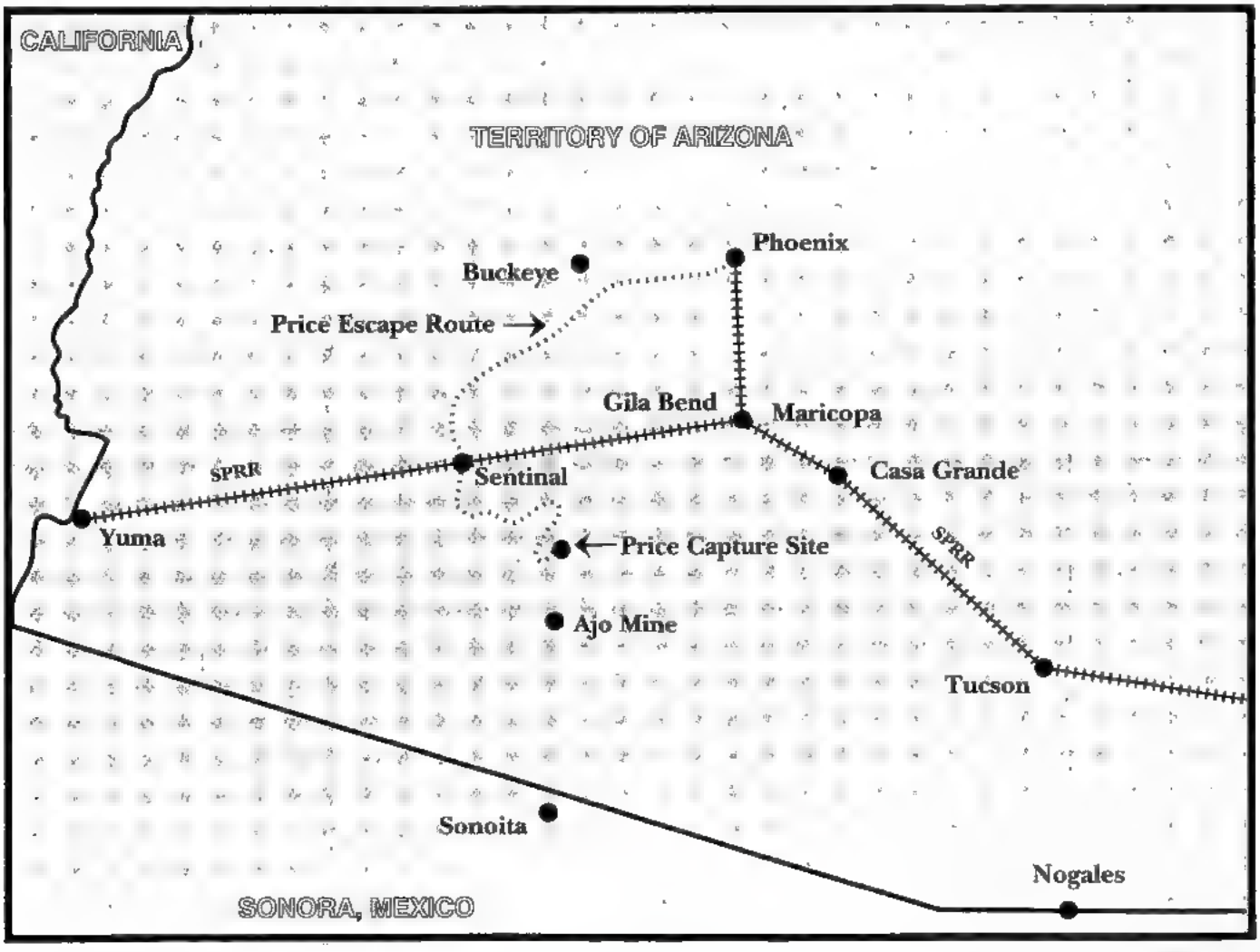
Prothero and his posse determined to go to Gila Bend, refit, and search the area to the south. At Gila Bend, thinking the fugitives may have made it to Mexico, Prothero wired his superiors in Phoenix to begin extradition proceedings to have Mexican officials arrest the fugitives and return them to the United States. Nevertheless, the officers hoped they might still capture the fugitives in Arizona, so they mounted another expedition into the desert.

An excellent guide, Tommy Childs, joined Prothero's posse. Prothero borrowed Frank Welcome's best team of horses and a buckboard wagon, and the men loaded it with barrels of water, supplies, fodder for the horses, and saddles. They planned to drive the wagon as far as they could into the search area, then leave it behind as a base and proceed into more inaccessible areas atop horses they were leading. On January 1, 1895, the possemen left Gila Bend.

At Gila Bend, citizens had told Prothero that two local men, one named Harris and the other "Indian Sam" Richards, had gone into the desert searching for Price and Young. Prothero's posse crossed Harris' and Richards' tracks and followed them. Further along they found the fugitives' trail. Following the tracks of both parties, it became apparent that the fugitives were not headed straight for Mexico but wandering about the area. The lawmen decided the escapees were searching for water. Although they could survive a couple more days because of cold weather, the outlaws had to find water soon or risk going into the mining community of Ajo, farther south.

Childs thought the outlaws would go to Tule Canyon, about twelve miles north of Ajo. The canyon was named for the vegetation there, which resulted from a spring or water seep. The officers abandoned the trails and drove for Tule Canyon. Childs told them that the place was a box canyon with only one entrance, and they left the wagon close to the canyon's mouth. Then they rode horseback to the canyon's mouth but decided the outlaws would be guarding the entrance and did not enter.

Childs suggested going around the mountain and approaching the canyon from above and to the rear. The officers rode to the back of the canyon. Before reaching the canyon lip, they dismounted and crept to the entrance. They saw the outlaws camped below them and facing the canyon mouth. Quietly, the lawmen inched toward the outlaws and got within twenty-five yards of the camp before Price and Young saw them.



Author's Map

Southwestern Arizona Territory, where Maricopa County Deputy Sheriff Frank Prothero and his posse pursued William Price and James Young.

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The fugitives opened fire, and the possemen fired back. In the heavy exchange, a bullet broke Prothero's right arm, putting him out of the fight. Then a yell came from the outlaws' camp and the shooting stopped. Cautiously, Moore, Kellogg, and Childs approached the camp with their guns at the ready. The fugitives did not resist; Price was wounded three times and in critical condition; Young had a leg wound which had broken a bone.

THE LAWMEN brought up the buckboard and took Prothero into the camp. The men were made as comfortable as possible, while Prothero and Billy Moore rode to Gila Bend for help. When Prothero arrived in Gila Bend he wired his superiors in Phoenix of his success, saying, "January 3, 1895, Gila Bend. Have got Price and Young. Price will die. Young's leg is broken and my arm is broken." The telegram elated lawmen and the citizens of Phoenix, and superior court judge A.C. Baker telegraphed his congratulations to Prothero, saying, "You are a brave and faithful officer."

Billy Moore returned to Tule Canyon with a posse and a wagon to take the wounded prisoners to Gila Bend. The trip was difficult, and Price died just ten miles from their destination.

Waiting at Gila Bend, Prothero arranged for his posse, including Childs, to take the prisoners by train to Maricopa. Unknown to Prothero, dozens of his well-wishers and curiosity seekers rode a train from Phoenix down to Maricopa to meet the victorious officers and see the outlaws.

PRICE TAKEN.

The Murderer Has Been Captured.

Supposed to Be Mortally Wounded.

FIGHT TO THE DEATH

The Counterfeiter Sustains a Broken Leg.

Deputy Prothero Came Out of the Fight With a Broken Arm.

A Telegram Announcing the Capture, but Giving Only Meager Particulars, Received Late Last Night.

Price and Young have been captured. There was a desperate fight and Price will possibly not be able to lift the date

Author's Collection

The *Arizona Republican* hails William Price's capture in its January 4, 1895, edition

A quick coroner's inquest, which exonerated the officers, was held over Price's body at Gila Bend, then Prothero, Moore, Kellogg, and Childs boarded the train for Maricopa. The officers and Young rode in the engine cab, while Price's body rode in a baggage car. The enthusiastic crowd from Phoenix greeted them at Maricopa, and everyone then rode to Phoenix together on the train.

Upon their arrival, the officers escorted Young and Prices' body to the jail. Young was charged with breaking jail and resisting arrest. The top of the box holding Price's remains was removed, and the dead outlaw was displayed in the jail. Throngs of people viewed the filthy, blood-stained corpse for several hours. During that time Judge Baker ordered another coroner's inquest. The coroner's jury, consisting of A.W. Lamm, F.P. Fowler, Walter Talbot, W.R. Rhodes, William Coy, J.W. Morrill, Ed Metcalf, and H. Riddle, decided that Price had resisted arrest and officers had shot him in the line of duty. That formality over, Price's body was buried in a "potter's field" in the Phoenix Cemetery.

While Prothero and his posse chased the escapees, Phoenix officers arrested Price's confederates Burson and Hamilton for helping Price and Young escape. Burson was accused of smuggling the hacksaw blades to Price; Hamilton was suspected of giving Price a weapon. As Young was a federal prisoner, the charges against Burson and Hamilton were filed in federal court. The federal magistrate dismissed the charges, as he thought they were not within federal jurisdiction. Lawmen arrested the men again and charged them under territorial law.

On January 5, a Maricopa County grand jury convened to consider charges against Young, Burson, and Hamilton for helping Price escape. After hearing testimony, the grand jury decided that indictments were not in order. Burson and Hamilton were released, but Young remained in jail pending court action on his original federal counterfeiting charge.

Young's wound worsened, and on January 29 he was taken to Sister's Hospital in Phoenix for special medical attention. He slowly improved and by December 2 was able to stand trial. The federal court in Phoenix sentenced him to California's San Quentin prison for seventeen months and fined him one dollar. Young was released from prison February 10, 1897, and disappeared from history.

Across the card table back in 1894, William Shurburt never dreamed that his mindless bullying of the smaller and weaker Price would ultimately lead to both men's deaths. For Price, however, the whole incident stemmed from a point of honor.

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Wild Co DAIRYM

By S.L. GROVE

Finus Burkett stopped by Grandma's house one morning in 1937 or 1938 to see if he could get Uncle Charley to help him with some cow work. Finus had sold off a truckload of calves to meet a note at the bank, and the mother cows had to be milked by hand lest they lose their bags or get milk fever. That was an unusual problem but not unheard of in Young County, Texas, back during the Depression.

My dad, Hiram (whom everyone called Bill), was home from his oil field job out at Crane or Wink, and offered to help, just to be neighborly. Dad wasn't much of a cowman but he liked Finus.

"Well," Finus said, "come on down to my east pasture when you finish your coffee. I'll try to get them penned by then. They ain't very used to strangers. And bring a lariat rope if you got a good one."

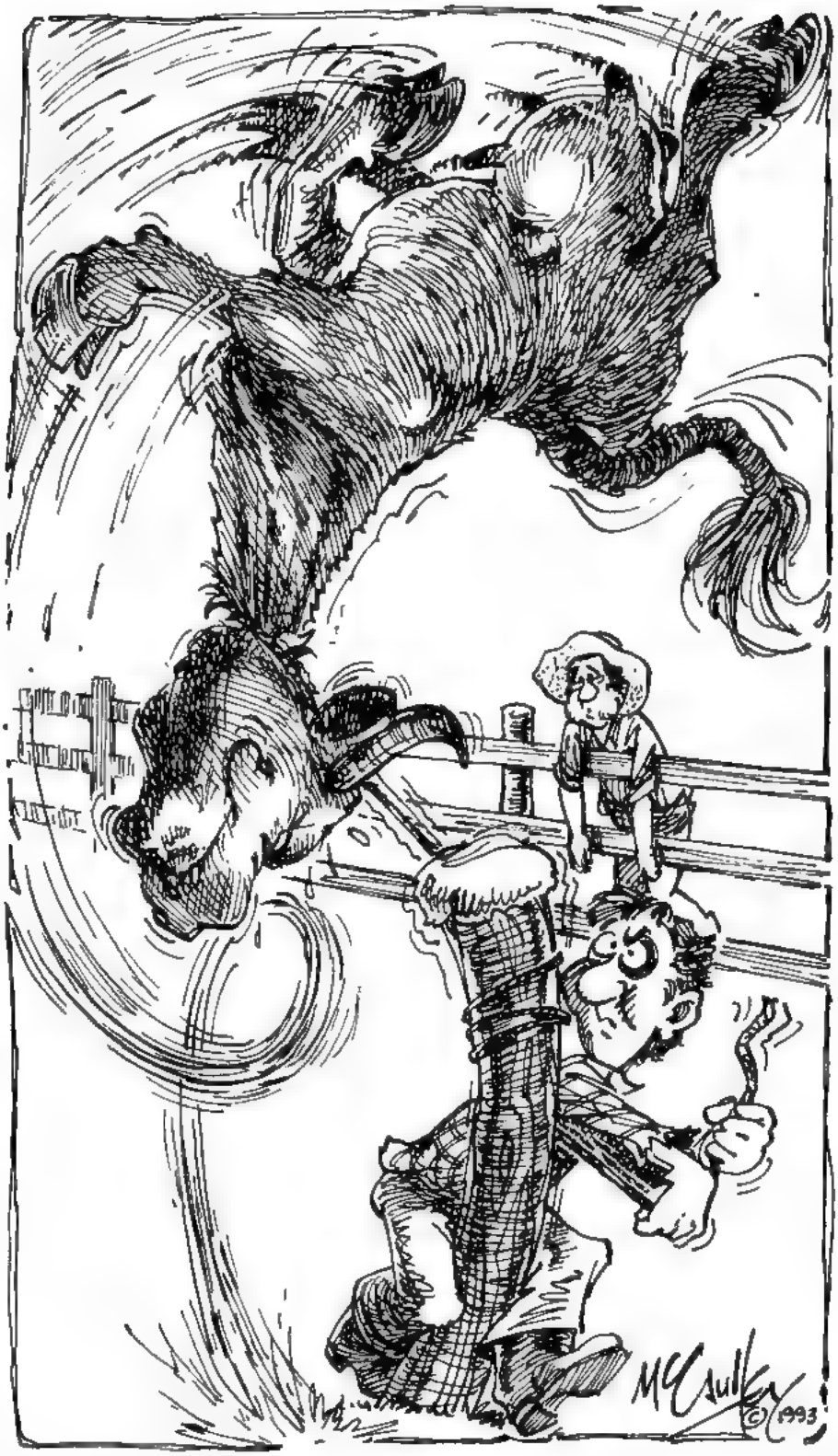
Illustrations by Bud McCaulley

Presently we all piled into Dad's new '37 Dodge and drove the half-mile down to Finus' gate. Nobody invited me but nobody told me I couldn't go along, either. I was ten or eleven at the time

Buck Thurman was already there with his big pinto gelding, Pet. Buck had his pickup backed up against the bank of the bar ditch with the tailgate open so Pet could get out and stretch his legs if he had a mind to. Pet was the only horse I ever knew who liked to ride around in the back of a truck, and he would climb in or out anywhere you wanted him to, although it was easier for him to get out if the step down to the ground wasn't too far. Jeweldine, Buck's wife, said that when Pet got bored around home he would climb in the pickup and whistle for Buck to take him for a ride. She also said that Buck would have let Pet sleep under the bed if she'd put up with it.

We could hear Finus and the cattle coming up through the pasture. He had a bale of hay sticking out the back of of his '34 Ford coupe and he was driving real slow and stopping now and then to honk his horn. The cattle were following at a fast walk, some of them breaking into a trot now and then lest they miss their share of the hay.

WEN



Finus' loading pen was right alongside the gate with the chute opening out onto the highway so a truck could get to it easy, and just on the other side of the gate was the fence to a field of near-ripe winter wheat. This made sort of a fenced lane about a hundred feet long. The wooden gate to the corral opened on one side of the lane and there was a wire gap gate to the field on the other side. The north side of the pen had a six-foot wooden fence made of east Texas pine two-by-six's about six feet high with two strands of bob wire on top, all on eight-foot cedar posts. Altogether the pen was about a hundred feet square. The ten-inch diameter cedar snubbing post in the middle was well polished and the ground around it was beat bare. It seemed like a real handy layout.

Finus drove his Ford right into the pen, broke the hay bale and started to scatter it around. Most of the cows followed him in and started crowding around to get the hay. Buck and Dad circled around the back side and herded a few stragglers in. Finus backed his car out and I closed the gate.

We now had eighty or ninety head of stock in the pen, a few calves, and a big Hereford bull with more horn than most (they stuck straight out to the side, too, which meant he could use them if he took the notion). Most of the cattle were cows, though, and a few yearling heifers.

Like most Young County stock farmers, Finus ran a mixed breed herd. They mostly showed some whiteface blood but there were a few Durhams and a shorthorn or two, some black ones with white faces that came out of somebody's Jersey milk cow, and a half-dozen cows from south of Uvalde that showed their Mexican blood. They were long, lean dun critters with sharp horns and black markings on their backs and legs.

The first thing we had to do was get the cows that weren't going to be milked out of the pen; that didn't take

too long. The bull was no trouble for he was interested in one of the heifers; when she left, he left. Finus had sold the culls and kept the best of the calves. That pretty much guaranteed that the gentler cows had to go. No problem! As we released them they wandered off a hundred yards or so and started to graze, sort of hanging around to watch the show, I guess. After about fifteen minutes we had about thirty-five cows left in the pen, all of them at least a little skittish and all uncomfortable because of their over-full bags, and maybe still worried about their missing calves.

Uncle Charley got out in the middle of the pen and roped a cow. Right away we discovered the first flaw in the arrangement. His rope was only thirty-five feet long and the snubbing post was fifty feet from the fence. That meant that Charley got drug around the pen a couple of times because the cow stuck as close to the fence as she could. Finus and Dad got into the pen then and drove her far enough from the fence for Charley to get a turn around the post at last.

Pretty soon they had the old cow snubbed up short enough for Finus to grab her by the horns and flop her over on her side. Then he sat on her head while Dad dragged one hind leg up under her belly and got a death grip on her tail. She couldn't get up any more, but she could still kick. Buck, who was doing the milking, soon gave up on the bucket and just milked her out on the ground. I was busy holding the rest of the cattle in the back corner of the pen.

When they were finished they let her up and opened the gate so she could rejoin the herd. Of course the ones I was holding saw the open gate and made a break for it. I got knocked down but I didn't get stepped on or gored.

We all took a break and the men rolled some Duke's Mixture to smoke while they revamped their tactics. Reorganized, we tried again. This time Finus and I stood about midway along the west side with Finus about ten feet out from the fence. That way when Dad and Buck drove the cows around the pen they had to turn out toward the middle to pass Finus. Charley caught a big black cow with a white spot on her flank and got the rope around the post. She was so heavy it took both Dad and Finus to throw her. Buck got about a quart of milk out of her before she threw them both off and got on her feet. They all decided that was enough and released her. Buck helped me hold the others.

Uncle Charley got out in the middle of the pen and roped a cow. Right away we discovered the first flaw in the arrangement. His rope was only thirty-five feet long and the snubbing post was fifty feet from the fence.

We sort of got into the swing of it then for about the next five cows. The sun was getting pretty warm by then and there wasn't much wind. That was a blessing because the cattle were beginning to churn the dust up pretty good. Finus was getting winded (he was getting on in years and wasn't as strong as he once had been), so Dad tried to throw the next cow. Dad was as big as Finus and as strong as all get-out but there is a trick to throwing a cow by her horns and Dad didn't know it. After about ten minutes of twisting the cow's neck over till she was looking plumb up at the sky, Buck pitched in and they got her pinned and milked. Finus threw the next one. Then Dad managed to get one down by himself. Buck got one down, too, although she had him on the ground twice.

We tried a new system then, because the next cow was a muley. Charley snubbed her head tight up against the post and hobbled her hind feet, and Buck tried milking her while she stood. That worked moderately well, except that Buck got kicked a couple of times. When his wrist started to swell and stiffen I went for the other lariat. They tied the next cow's head hard against the post with the tail of Charley's rope, and I got the other lariat onto her near hind foot and tied it off close to the post. Finus took a turn at milking then, and we got through a couple more cows.

By then we were down to only a half-dozen head of cattle in the pen. Finus pointed out a couple, a good sized line-backed dun and a skinny brindle cow with ten-inch horns as sharp as needles. "You want to ketch them two as quick as you can," he said. "They are both a little temperamental."

Charley caught the dun. As soon as she felt the rope she put her horns down and came right up the rope for him. He just managed to sidestep behind the post and get his dally. When she hit the end of the rope about ten feet out she did a flip in the air. Buck and Dad landed on her while she was still down, but she got up anyhow and chased Charley around the snubbing post till she ran out of slack. Then I got a rope on a hind leg and we tried to get it tied off to the post. With all our pushing and pulling we couldn't get her hindquarters against the post, so I tied both hind feet together. When Buck touched her teats she kicked with both feet, catching him on the jaw and knocking a tooth loose.

AS SOON as Buck spit out a little blood and had another smoke we tried again. This time when she kicked with both feet I had my own turn around the snubbing post, and I took up all the slack I could get. She let out a most amazing bawl and landed in six inches of dust, ending up wrapped around the post like a twisted horseshoe, with her hindquarters on the ground but still up on her forelegs with her neck stretched up until she was having a hard time breathing.

"Hurry up, afore she dies," Finus said to Buck, and to the cow, "It's all for your own good."

Buck straddled her middle and reached blind between her legs to milk her a few times. All the fight was gone out of her when we let her up to join the rest of the herd who had gotten bored and wandered off another couple hundred yards.

We got a few more milked and soon there was only one left—the

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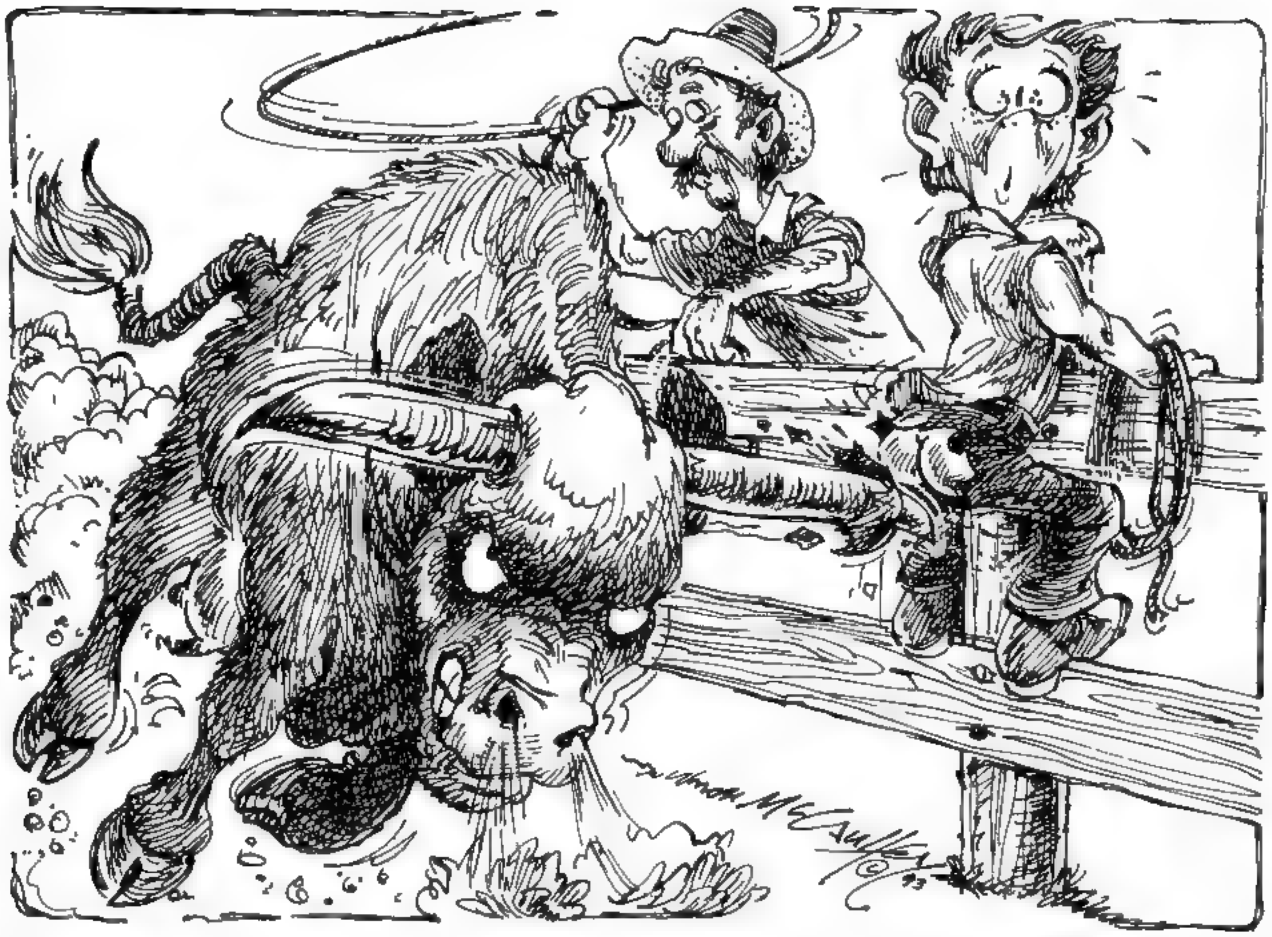


brindle with the horns. We couldn't get her near enough the center of the pen for Charley to get a rope on, and Charley didn't care to get too far from the snubbing post with a mad cow on the other end of his rope. When Dad and Buck chased her out of a corner, she came straight for me with her head down; I headed for the top of the fence immediately.

Buck took my place then, both places, in fact, because he climbed up, too, when he saw those horns coming. Dad went to his car and got the blanket out of the back seat and tried his hand. When she charged him with her head down he flipped the blanket open like a bullfighter's cape. That turned her all right, and she headed straight for Charley, who missed his first throw of the day. It ain't easy to rope any animal that's coming right towards you, and Charley was a little busy getting behind his post.

But the cow wasn't really after Charley anyway. She cleared the five-foot wooden gate with some room to spare and went halfway through the wire gate on the other side of the lane before she could get turned. Then she headed for the far end of the pasture with her tail in the air. Buck unloaded old Pet and went after her while the rest of us lit a smoke and caught our breath. I was sort of sitting behind Dad and he didn't seem to notice when Finus passed me his Duke's Mixture. Finus also passed around a bottle of something from the glove box of his car but I didn't get any of that.

We got a few more milked and soon there was only one left—the brindle with the horns. When Dad and Buck chased her out of a corner, she came straight for me with her head down; I headed for the top of the fence immediately.

Buck and Pet were about an hour getting back with the old brindle and fifteen or twenty other cows. Even then we all had to help pen them on foot. Pet was give out.

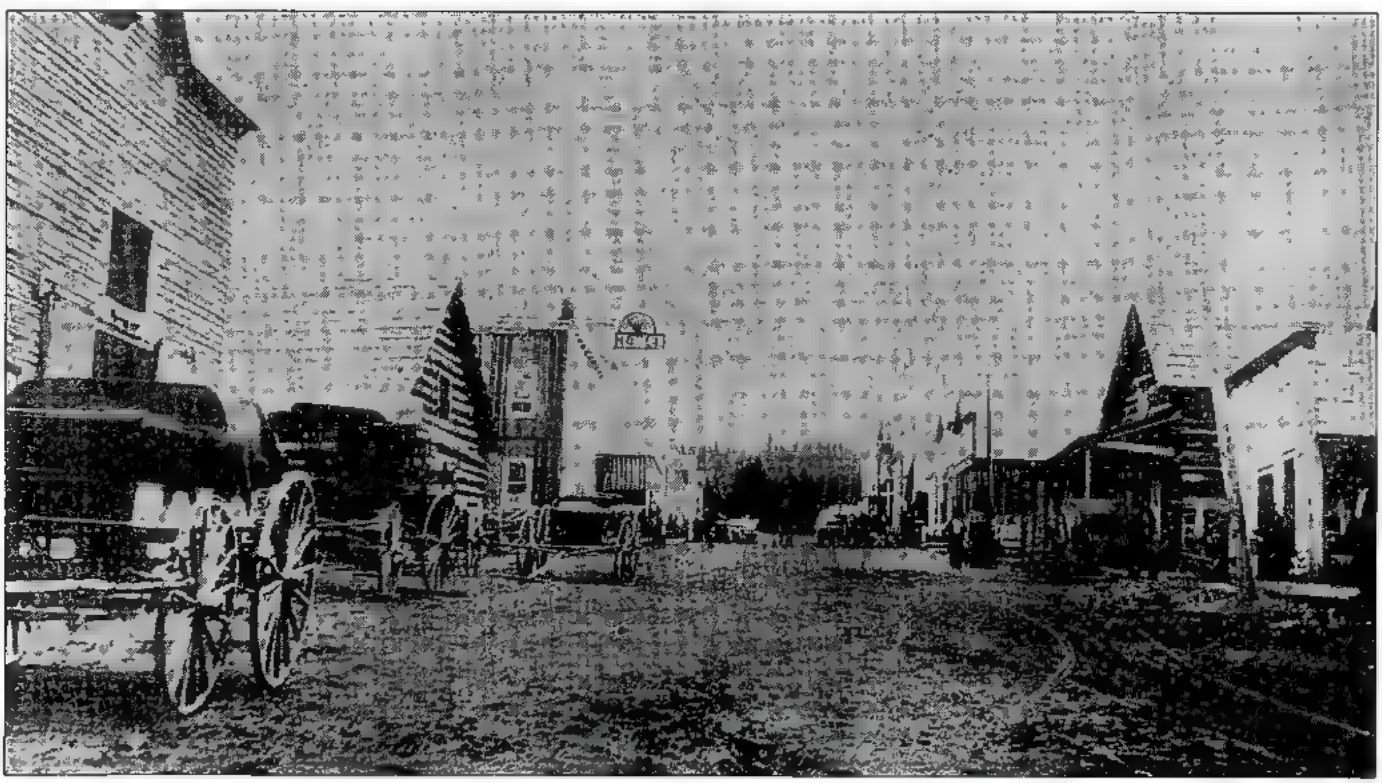
Now we had twenty head of stock again with the brindle staying right in the middle and no way for Charley to get a rope on her because she still stuck close to the fence and still waved her horns at anybody who approached. But I got an idea and straddled the north fence with Buck's lariat in my hands. The next time she came by, I dropped the loop over her horns; I already had the other end tied off to a fence post, so now we had her. Charley roped her forefeet while she was bucking around at the end of my lariat, and he and Dad pulled her feet out from under her. Finus and Buck stood on her left hind leg and held on to the other while Dad covered her head and I milked about a dozen squirts from each teat. Finus said that was likely enough.

Letting her up was just about as thrilling as any rodeo event that I've seen in some time, but we got both ropes off without getting gored and turned her out with the rest. She was still shaking her horns and hooking mesquite bushes when she went out of sight.

Buck beat some of the dust out of his jeans with his Resistol hat, touched his swollen jaw and gazed pensively after her. "I'm shore glad I don't run no dairy," was all he said.

LEGENDARY BILLY RHODES

By R. ROWKAY

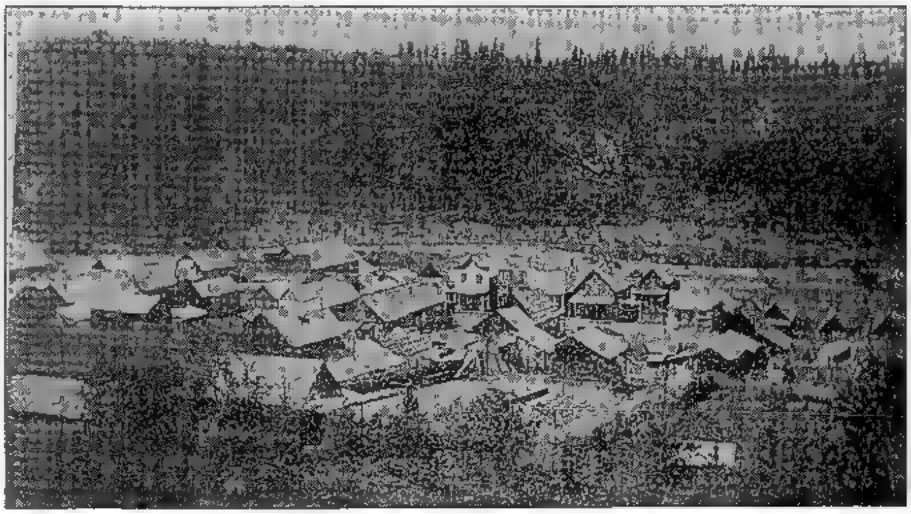


Nez Perce County Historical Society

Elk City, Idaho, in the 1880s

In 1849 wealthy Missourian Silas M. Jones gathered his clan, packed them in wagons, and joined a one-hundred-wagon caravan headed for the California goldfields. The family took with them a man named William "Billy" Rhodes. Rhodes was born into the Jones household in 1821, his mother a black slave and his father a cousin to Isabel Jones, Silas Jones' wife. Regardless of his heritage, Billy Rhodes was destined to become a legend.

Rhodes was a large, big-boned man with short, black, curly hair and the complexion of an Indian. Many of the region's early gold-seekers actually called him "Injun Billy." Rhodes was always ready to help people in need, and the renowned poet of the Sierra, Joaquin Miller, put Rhodes' generosity into verse, describing him as "a manly mulatto of great honesty and good sense."



Author's Collection

Pierce City, Idaho, near where Billy Rhodes' mine produced $6,000 worth of nuggets and dust daily.

BILLY RHODES easily took to the rivers and streams of the mother lode country, and quickly earned a reputation as a successful miner. His first gold discovery was on a small creek near Hang Town, known then as Dog Creek. The find yielded him and three companions $50,000 in nuggets and dust for one month of labor, and the claim sold for another $50,000.

Rhodes moved on to the Feather River country of north central California in the mid-1850s and found a rich strike in a hidden gulch in a small stream called Deer Creek. He hired ten miners and worked the claim for two years, then sold the find for $75,000 and moved north to the Trinity Mountains, where he found another strike. That one proved to be only a rich pocket and petered out after a few short months.

Rhodes next showed up at Yreka, California, on Humbug Creek, where miners had been mining the stream for two seasons. Where Billy Rhodes stuck his shovel in the watershed of the lower Siskiyou Mountain range is not known, but he found gold there to the tune of $40,000.

In the late-1850s, Rhodes, like many California miners, turned his attention to the land of the French Canadians—the Caribou Mining District in Canada. Once there, however, Rhodes found the gold country completely overrun with miners.

Billy Rhodes was in the growing seaport city of Portland, Oregon, in 1860 when Indian trader Elias D. Pierce returned to his headquarters there and announced the discovery of gold deep in the rugged Bitterroot Mountains to the east in the land the Nez Percé Indians called E-dah-ho. Whether Rhodes left immediately is not known, but he was at Pierce City in the spring of 1861 and soon found a rich strike on what became known as Rhodes Creek near the Pierce Mining District.

Billy Rhodes did not abandon his rich strike at Pierce City, but soon was at the Elk City diggings and struck pay dirt on the East Fork of the American River. One Elk City miner said of Rhodes, "The dad-burned cuss can smell the stuff."

Gold seekers surged into the country. By the end of 1861, Pierce City had boomed from a few hundred people to 5,000, many of whom spilled over to another strike a half-mile away on Oro Fino Creek. Hence, the town of Oro Fino grew atop some of the richest gold deposits yet found.

Seventy-five saloons in the two towns ran night and day and shootings were frequent. Pack trains came and went around the clock, bringing needed supplies from the new river port of Lewiston at the confluence of the Clearwater and Snake rivers. The hard fifteen-day journey between Lewiston and Pierce City covered eighty miles of steep mountain trails, sheer canyons, and roaring streams. Miners and pack trains on the rugged thoroughfare were under constant danger from the many road agents who flocked into the gold country.

In a letter from Pierce City published in the *Portland Oregonian* in November 1861, a man named C.C. Robins wrote that $11 million worth of gold poured out of the mines in the working season that year. Robins explained, "These estimates are as near as correct as can be had. No one knows the exact total." He also listed many of the mines and their output for the season, and said that Billy Rhodes' mine on Rhodes Creek was one of the largest, with eleven men producing a daily average of $6,000. He said that 2,500 men were working in the mines in the Pierce City and Oro Fino area.

By 1862 men were all through the Bitterroots. That spring a new gold discovery was made at the headwaters of the South Fork of the Clearwater River, over one hundred miles from Pierce City. Overnight the town of Elk City was born.

Billy Rhodes did not abandon his rich strike at Pierce City, but soon was at the Elk City diggings and struck pay dirt on the East Fork of the American River. One Elk City miner said of Rhodes, "The dad-burned cuss can smell the stuff." Rhodes employed five miners at the new find, which, during its first working season, yielded an estimated $200,000 in gold.

By the summer of 1862, 10,000 men roamed the mountains of the

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frontier now called Idaho, and found rich discoveries throughout the area's north-central section. A party of miners descended the Salmon River that summer and found its eddies and pockets filled with fine gold. Disliking the fineness of the gold, the party headed inland, climbing the jagged peaks of the mountain range. Coming to a wide, flat, open meadow thirty miles from the Salmon River, they stopped to rest. One of the men stuck his shovel in the gravel bed of a trickling creek and found eighteen dollars worth of coarse gold in his first pan. The strike proved the richest yet, and the Summit Flat Mining District boomed. The town of Florence sprang up in a matter of weeks.

The date of Billy Rhodes' arrival in the Summit Flat district is uncertain, but packer Enos Williams wrote a letter from Florence, Idaho Territory, in August 1864 saying that the Pierce and Oro Fino mines had been worked out. According to Williams, Rhodes had sold his claim in Pierce for $181,000 and had returned to Florence. His mine there, with six men working it, was paying $3,000 a month.

That year, however, the Summit Flat district also began playing out and miners started leaving. The legendary Billy Rhodes returned to California sometime in the late-1860s and prospected near Yreka. He also had an interest in a mercantile business at Marysville, California.

In the 1870s Rhodes was in Arizona where he discovered a silver lode and engaged the help of six miners. How long Rhodes stayed in Arizona is uncertain, but he sold the claim in 1877 for $75,000.

Word of Rhodes' new strike was out, however, and another boom was on as prospectors converged on the Little North Fork country. Lewiston banker Lafayette "Lafe" Williams, after putting up a small fortune, hired several men to pursue the development of the silver mine.

Where Rhodes went from there is not recorded, but early in 1879 he arrived back in Lewiston, Idaho—flat broke. He again prospected in the Pierce, Elk City, and Florence areas. One story has Rhodes prospecting the wilderness mountains of the Little North Fork country of the Clearwater River, finding a rich strike, and returning to Lewiston with several pounds of nuggets and dust. Rhodes planned to employ men to work the find but went on a two-month drinking binge. After sobering up, he led a party of men back to the rugged mountains. They searched for two months but could not find the site of the rich discovery and gave up looking.

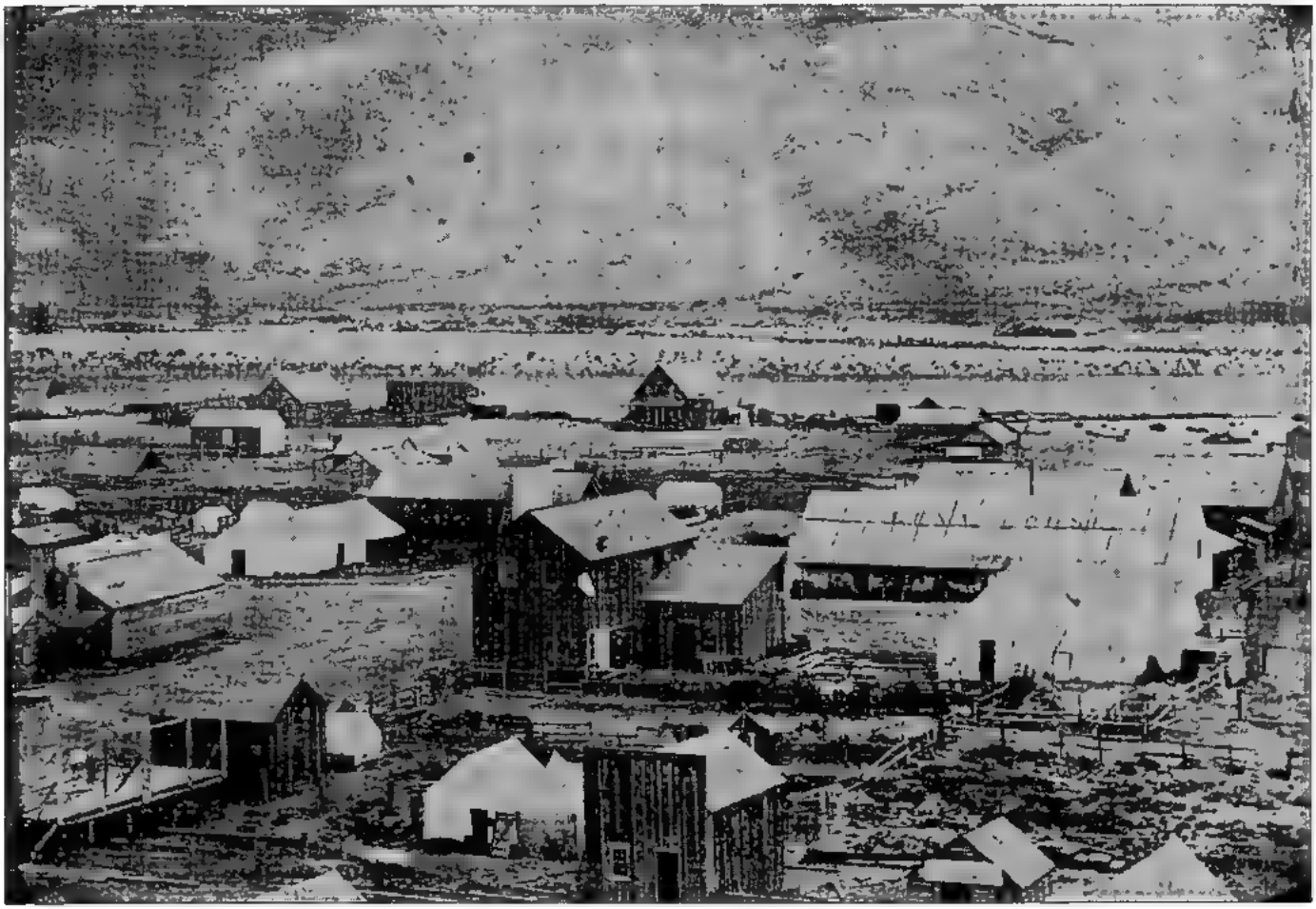
In 1880 Rhodes moved south to the Salmon River to work its turbulent waters and the surrounding country, but his luck seemed to be waning. Finding little of the wealth he once had, he took up residence on the Frank McGrane cattle ranch along the breaks of the Salmon River as a cook and extra cowhand. Cowboys began calling him "Black Bill," and he stayed with McGrane's outfit until 1886.

That spring Rhodes teamed with mountain man and prospector Jerry Johnson, who had trapped and prospected the sacred mountains of the Nez Percé for several years. Having mined together before, Rhodes and Johnson planned to prospect the Little North Fork country and possibly look for Billy's lost strike. Working deep into the rugged terrain they discovered a silver ore deposit and began a tunnel. For some reason, perhaps because he preferred placer mining, Johnson abandoned the strike.

Billy Rhodes drifted back to the Lewiston area. In the spring of 1887,

Author's Collection

Florence, Idaho, which sprang up after the Summit Flat gold find in 1862.



Oregon Historical Society

Lewiston, Idaho, about 1860 The river port town helped supply the Pierce Mining District.

believing he had discovered a rich silver lode, he showed his ore samples to an old friend, John Risse, who grubstaked miners in north central Idaho. Risse also believed Rhodes had made a rich find, and sent Frank Altmiller, a relative of Risse's, and Hass Crane along to help open the mine. Well-supplied from Risses' mercantile business, the three men trekked east to the Little North Fork country with great anticipation.

In mid-June they found the site of Rhodes' and Johnson's discovery and built a small cabin and killed a supply of game as they planned to spend the winter there. By the first of September the three were hard at work on the tunnel. Work progressed well and Rhodes was pleased with the silver ore they found.

As winter settled over the mountains, the snow grew deeper and deeper and at times temperatures dropped to forty degrees below zero. In December 1887, Rhodes became sick with chills and a fever. He told his two companions that his illness would pass and they should not worry. Several weeks passed and Rhodes' condition worsened, but his friends did not notice as he never complained.

One day about the March 1, 1888, Rhodes arose and cooked breakfast, then told Crane and Altmiller he would stay at the cabin because his rheumatism was acting up. He also said he would have lunch ready for them when they returned from the tunnel.

At lunchtime, Crane and Altmiller returned to find Billy Rhodes dead on the dirt floor of the tiny cabin. With snow ten feet deep in the remote wilderness, the men could do nothing but bury Rhodes in a snow bank.

Without Rhodes' direction, work on the mine ceased. Warm winds and rain did not come with spring, and it was late June before the two men could find bare ground to give Rhodes a decent burial. Then they began the long trek out of the mountains.

Word of Rhodes' death spread throughout the country. John Risse was pleased with the ore samples Crane and Altmiller brought in, but the loss of his old friend touched him deeply. Speculating that it would take a considerable amount of money to develop the mine further, Risse did not pursue the silver strike.

Word of Rhodes' new strike was out, however, and another boom was on as prospectors converged on the Little North Fork country. Lewiston banker Lafayette "Lafe" Williams, after putting up a small fortune, hired several men to pursue the development of the silver mine. Williams had known Rhodes and believed in his abilities as a miner, but as time passed, no work was actually done at the mine.

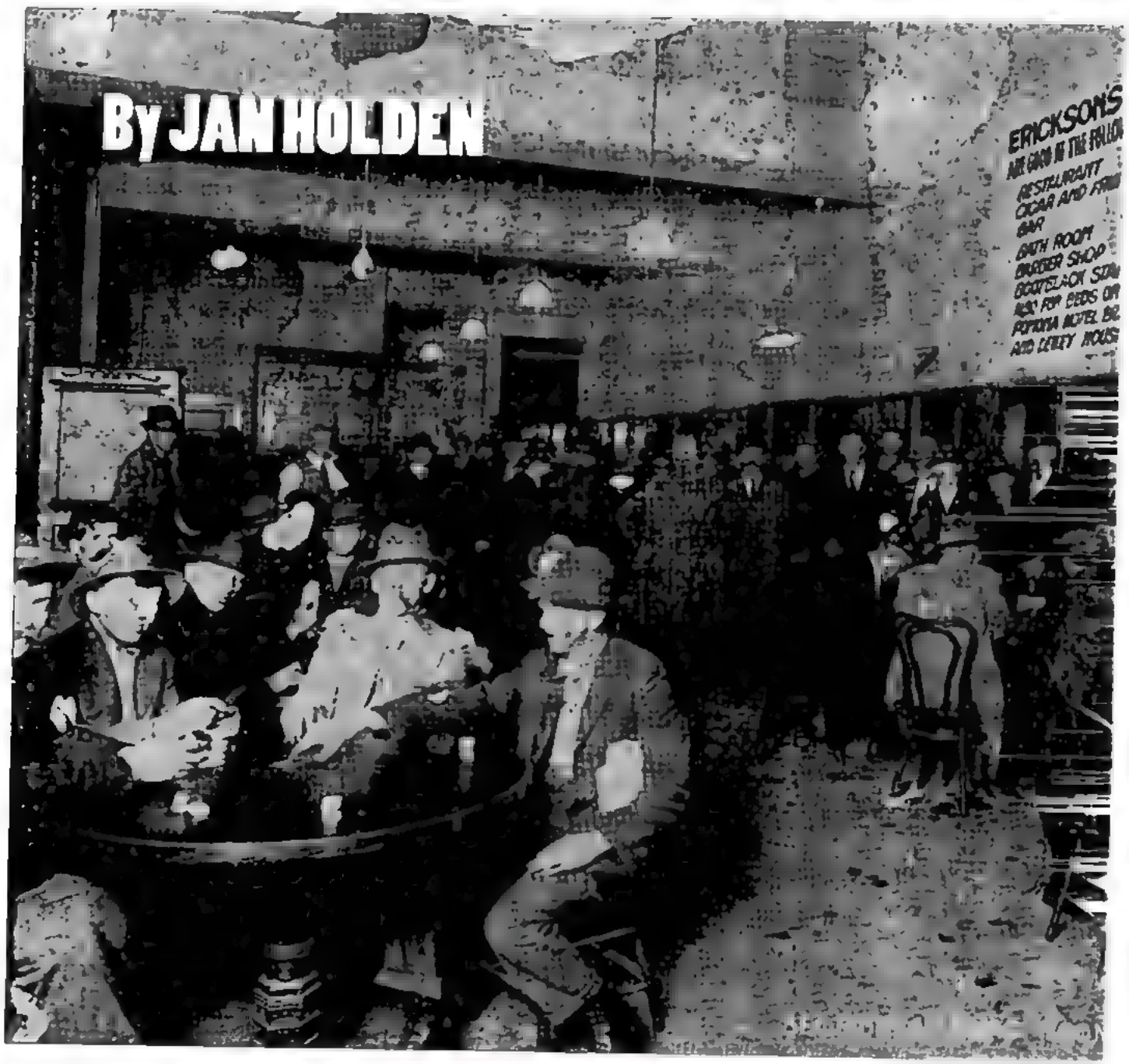
In 1902 five brothers named Hansen reopened the mine and dug deeper. They found deposits of silver ore and packed them out by mule train. By 1908 the mine had proved too costly to work, and they had abandoned it. No one ever worked it again

Some mining returned to the North Fork area in the 1920s, but the country's remote location and the Depression limited that activity. The land of the legendary Billy Rhodes once again was peaceful and quiet.

ERICKSON'S SA

Crossroads of the W

By JAN HOLDEN



Gamblers in the card room at Erickson's Saloon, about 1912.

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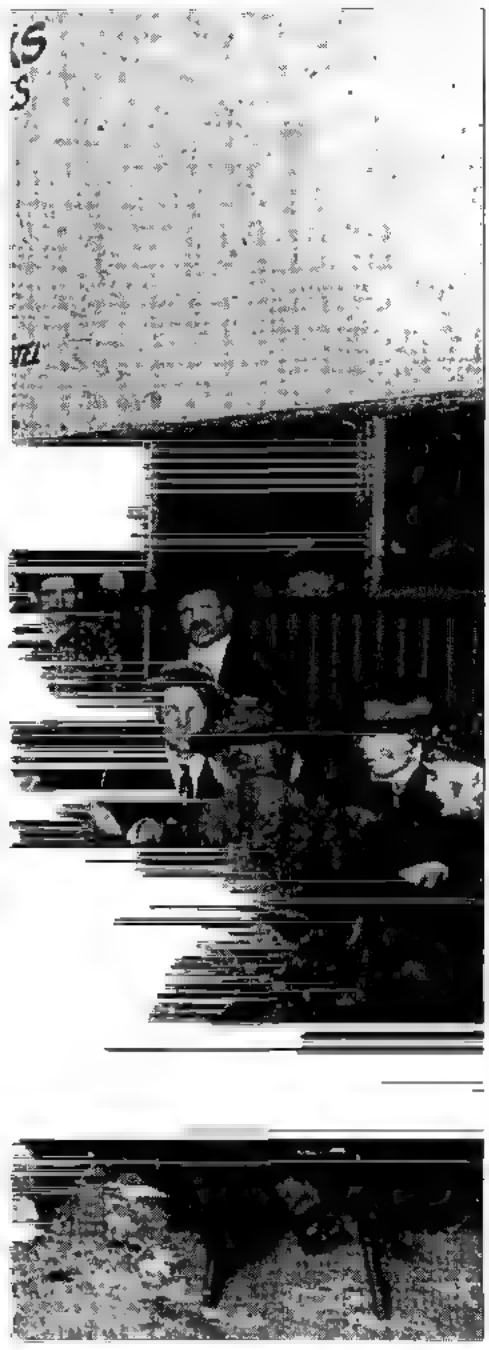


Author's Collection

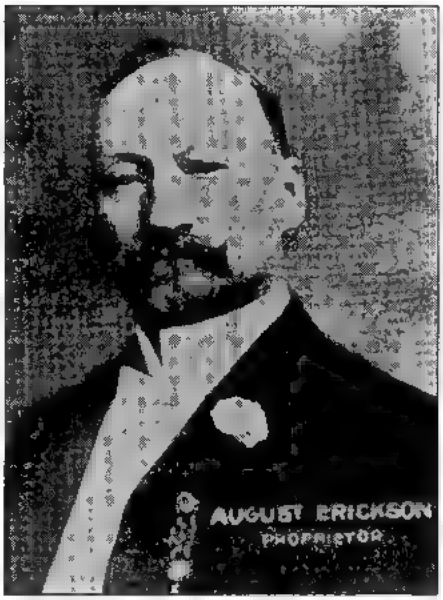
In 1881 a twenty-two-year-old Scandinavian, August Erickson, went over the side of a Swedish freighter in Astoria, Oregon. He had one burning desire—to make a fortune in the Northwest's virgin timberland. Within a few months, Erickson was indeed making his fortune, but not in the woods; he had discovered that a bankroll came easier in the saloon business.

An amiable host, Gus Erickson ran the Louvre Bar in Astoria for several months, then, later that year, took his savings and headed for Portland, a big, boisterous town beside the Willamette River. Erickson liked the tall timber nearby and the snow-capped peaks in the distance, and he admired the rough-hewn fellows—the loggers, cowhands, miners, sailors, and railroaders—who inhabited the place. All were hard workers and free spenders!

Erickson believed such men deserved a special kind of watering hole. Using his savings he built a saloon—a big place where big men of the outdoors could wrap their callused hands around a sixteen-ounce schooner of beer for a nickel and down two shots of whiskey for a quarter.

THE BAR was simply called Erickson's Saloon, but it was an establishment of grandiose proportions. The place occupied an entire city block at Second and Burnside streets, had five entrances, and boasted a horseshoe-shaped mahogany bar made of five interlocking sections totaling 684 linear feet. Erickson's earned the reputation of having the "longest bar in the world."

Though its mammoth size alone would have brought Erickson's Saloon notoriety, the pleasure palace offered much more. The saloon had a huge concert stage at one end of the main floor, which had a $5,000 Grand Pipe Organ. Gambling tables cast their reflecuons in rows and rows of mirrors and polished fixtures. The saloon also sported paintings—classical nudes—including one immense oil entitled "The Slave Market" which depicted an auction of Roman captives and was said to have caused many a drunken working man to bellow into his brew. The saloon had an eight-piece ladies' orchestra and a row of cribs on the mezzanine, but women weren't allowed at the bar to nag the men while they were getting drunk.



Oregon Historical Society

August Erickson, proprietor of Portland's immensely popular Erickson's' Saloon, in the early 1900s.

Not to be forgotten was Erickson's gargantuan free lunch, a toothsome combination of salted fish, steamed clams, soups, stews, sausages, cheeses, and thick slices of bread. Customers could daily partake liberally of all the tempting dishes as long as they continued to buy drinks. Erickson called it his "dainty lunch," but the feast was tailored to the likes of Paul Bunyan.

Customers went to Erickson's in droves. The saloon was not like the quiet uptown places that tolerated little noise and stressed polite manners. Erickson encouraged free speech on any topic except politics and religion. Anyone breaking that rule would be politely asked to leave.

Erickson's bouncers, muscle-bound men with names like "Jumbo" Reilly and "Spider" Johnson, would also help scrappers out the door. A popular story around Erickson's concerned a Swedish logger named "Half-pint" Halverson, a belligerent drunk who spent much of his time bragging about his abilities, from logging to loving. One night Halverson became so obnoxious that he was asked to leave. The Swede refused. He was then taken by the scruff of the neck and bounced through a Second Avenue entrance. Halverson stumbled to his feet, then wandered through one of the three Burnside Street doors. Again he was escorted through the swinging doors, landing hard on the pavement. Halverson continued the routine until

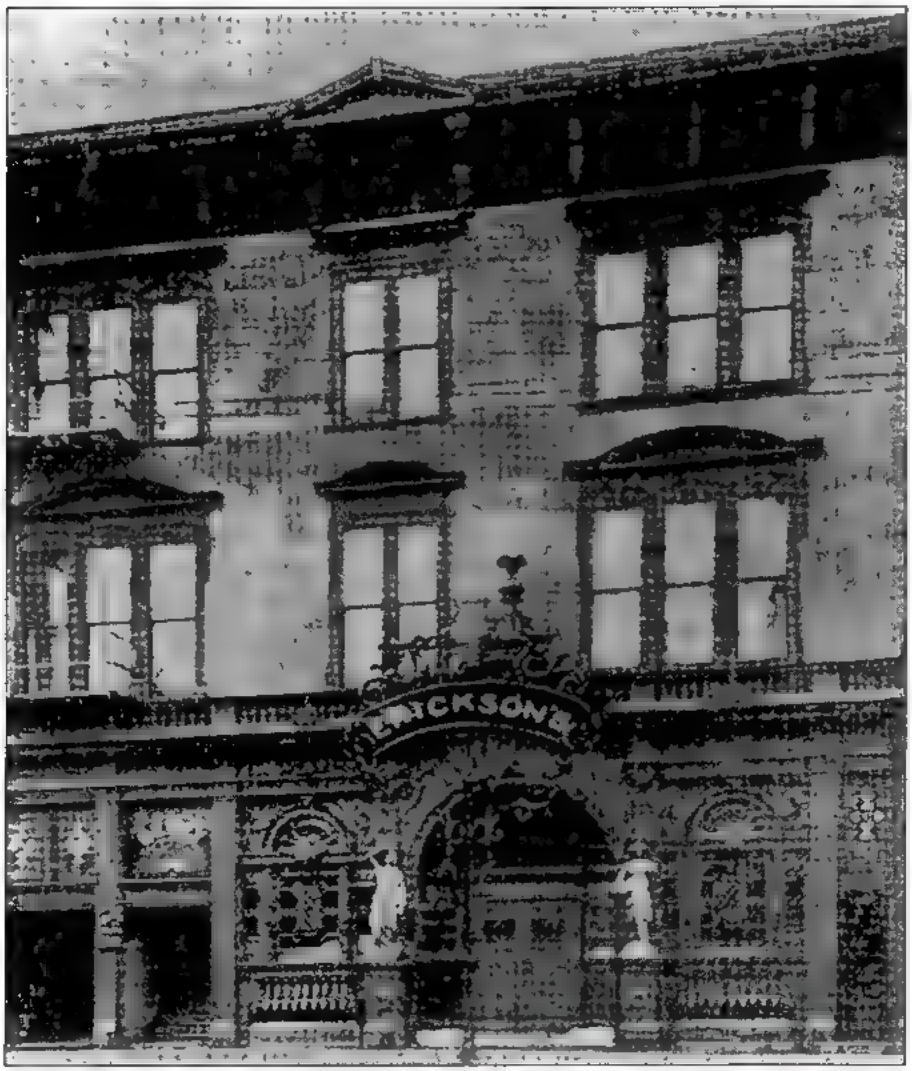
he made his flying exit through the fifth and final door. When he made one last attempt to enter the saloon, Jumbo Reilly met him nose-to-nose Halverson rubbed his bleary eyes and slurred, "Yesus! Is you bouncer in every place dis town?"

Although Gus Erickson always dressed formally, with dark suit, starched white shirt, and gold watch and chain, he encouraged his patrons to feel at ease. His hand-picked staff of bartenders, which numbered around fifty, were likewise turned out in starched white shirts and aprons and neatly roached hair. Still they were not aloof. They knew most of the regulars by name and were always willing to give advice or listen to a sorrowful story.

Erickson's was the kind of place to find long-lost buddies. It was said that if someone wanted to locate a footloose friend, he could leave a note on

Oregon Historical Society

The original Erickson's Saloon building.



Oregon Historical Society

Erickson's Saloon, which occupied an entire city block, around 1900.

the saloon's bulletin board and sooner or later the two would meet at the world's longest bar.

So loyal were Erickson's clientele that even a flood in 1894 couldn't kill business. The saloon sat just two short blocks from the waterfront, and when the main floor was finally underwater, Gus Erickson chartered a houseboat and stocked it with a full line of spirits as well as his famous dainty lunch. Men couldn't stay away; they built rafts, secured rowboats, and even straddled fir logs to get to the place they knew as their "club." No one went home until the waters subsided a few days later

At the height of his glory, no man in Portland was more charitable than Gus Erickson. Solicitors seeking donations always called on him first, he never turned a hungry man out in the cold without a meal, and he saw that drunks were carried into a back room to sleep it off out of the elements.

But shortly after the turn of the century Erickson's fortunes began to change. He had marital problems and divorced his first wife, then went to jail for threatening his second wife with a pistol. He also became dependent on liquor and fell into ill health. By the time of Prohibition, Erickson was having financial difficulties as well. He sold his saloon and tried to peddle moonshine from a street cigar stand. Each time Erickson went to jail, but

Oregon Historical Society

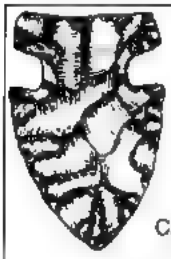
August Erickson about 1919 or 1920. Prohibition wrecked his saloon business and he was frequently jailed for selling moonshine. Erickson died in 1925.

his health was so frail that he was repeatedly released before the end of his sentence.

Finally, unable to stay on the right side of the law, Erickson was arrested and fined $500 for peddling booze. He was so feeble that the fine, which he paid, was returned to him and the sentence suspended. In November 1924, however, he was arrested again. That time he was ordered to complete the former sentence, and his pleas for mercy fell on deaf ears.

August Erickson served part of his sentence; then his deteriorating health forced his removal to the Good Samaritan Hospital. He died there January 3, 1925, and was buried in Portland's Rose City Cemetery a few days later.

Although the building still stood, Erickson's Saloon also died. The fabulous tavern for men was nothing but a memory, yet at one time its fame was so widespread that tough westerners vowed, as author Stewart Holbrook wrote, they would rather "see Erickson's with its gaslights in full blow than to view Niagara Falls tumbling into the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, with Lillian Russell, nude, riding the rapids in a glass barrel, to music by John Philip Sousa." You can't get higher praise than that!



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Reviews

Custer's Wife

Elizabeth Bacon Custer and the Making of a Myth, by Shirley A. Leckie. (University of Oklahoma Press, 1005 Asp Avenue, Norman, Oklahoma 73019-0445 $26.95 cloth bound.)

Elizabeth Bacon was married to the flamboyant and controversial George Armstrong Custer for twelve years. After his death at the Battle of the Little Bighorn, June 25, 1876, she spent fifty-seven long years as a widow, the early years in desperate financial straits. She elevated widowhood to a public profession, one that eventually brought her a comfortable, if never luxurious, living. More important, it brought honor to her husband, honor that lasted until her death in 1933.

To secure a place in history for her beloved Autie, she became an author. Her three books, *Tenting on the Plains, Following the Guidon, and Boots and Saddles*, proved her a talented and spirited writer. She also gave speeches, supervised the construction of a monument in their hometown of Monroe, Michigan, fought against a statue erected without her consultation at West Point, and even sparked the creation of the museum at the Montana battlefield. However, her career of myth-making forms the center of Shirley Leckie's well-researched and fascinating new biography.

Leckie demonstrates what seems obvious about Libbie: it is impossible to separate her life from Autie's. Libbie was a woman of her time. We should not try to picture her as a woman of the American West—she was, in good Victorian terms, a wife first and an individual second. That she devoted her life to myth-making was entirely appropriate, though Leckie does explore whether the price was worth the reward. For Libbie, it was, although she had two great disappointments: Autie's death and the absence of a son to carry on his glory.

In spite of her concentration on myth-making, Leckie also gives a detailed and clear picture of Libbie's life as a young child. She was the daughter of one of Monroe's most prominent citizens. Her mother died when she was twelve, and Libbie was exiled to a female seminary. Leckie also describes Libbie's marriage to Autie, a marriage fraught with frequent separations, financial problems, infertility, and whispers of infidelity.

Leckie places Libbie and Autie against the complexities of the Civil War, Indian Wars, and military politics. That Libbie later saw the Indian Wars as justified and the military as honorable only when it honored Autie is merely a reflection of her devotion to her wifely duty.

Even Leckie admits that Libbie remains a puzzle. How could a woman so intelligent and lively be so thoroughly taken with a man who was arrogant, temperamental, self-centered, conceited, and, probably, disloyal? In truth, Custer was also charming, charismatic, bold, daring, and an impatient and passionate lover. He was a man Libbie could no more resist than she could reform. History will never allow us the whole truth, but Leckie gives us the closest picture we'll ever get.—*Judy Alter, Fort Worth, Texas.*

Female Prospector

Nellie Cashman—Prospector and Trailblazer, by Suzann Ledbetter. (Texas Western Press, University of Texas at El Paso, El Paso, Texas 79968-0633. $10.00 paper bound.)

Nellie Cashman was a lively, Irish immigrant in the early 1860s who became a legend in the West. John Clum wrote about her in his *Tombstone Epitaph* and reports followed her in newspapers from Nevada to Alaska.

Cashman's name has become familiar to many western history fans. Her unusual experiences have been recounted in articles and in some books, but author Suzann Ledbetter has explored the manuscript collections of the Arizona Historical Society, researched newspapers, articles, and books, and put Cashman's whole story together.

The pretty Irish lass with black hair and dark eyes came to America determined "to make lots of money and to help anyone who needed it," writes Ledbetter. She had to overcome tremendous odds to carry out her dreams, but she fulfilled them until her death in 1924.

Ledbetter documents Cashman's moves from Boston in 1860; to San Francisco with her sister; to Tucson and Tombstone, Arizona; and to Nevada, and Alaska. When her sister died, Cashman brought her five children to Tombstone to raise. As always, she ran a restaurant for immediate cash but liked to keep her hand in prospecting. After silver mining petered out in Tombstone, she became an incurable victim of gold fever and traveled to mining towns.

In 1898 Cashman left for the Alaska goldfields. While living seven years in Dawson, Cashman met such well-known people as Joaquin Miller, Jack London, Jack Crawford, and Robert W. Service. Some of her old friends from Tombstone visited her too: Wyatt Earp, Ed Schieffelin, and John Clum.

Cashman's search for gold paid off. She said she took over $100,000 from her Number Nineteen claim in Alaska, but she spent it all buying other claims. She also was notorious for giving her money to those in need, ranging from free meals for hungry prospectors, to large amounts to Victoria's Sisters of St. Ann for their St. Joseph's Hospital building fund. She returned to that hospital in Victoria to die when she was nearing eighty years of age. She was buried on a bluff overlooking the Pacific, in Ross Bay Cemetery.

This book contains much more about Cashman; some of her adventures required such physical stamina that they are almost beyond belief. It doesn't take long to read the sixty-three page biography, although it contains so much information it is hard to absorb without a second reading. The thirteen pages of endnotes are interesting too.

An index would help, and the inside photograph of Nellie as a young woman would be nice to see on the cover. Those are minor points, however, when one considers the overall pleasure readers will derive from this biography of a remarkable woman.—*Willah Weddon, Stockbridge, Michigan.*

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Career Officer

Nelson A. Miles and the Twilight of the Frontier Army, by Robert Wooster. (University of Nebraska Press, 901 North 17th Street, Lincoln, Nebraska 68588-0520. $35.00 cloth bound.)

When Lieutenant General Nelson A. Miles (1839–1925) retired from the army in 1903, he ended a distinguished career that included service in the Civil War, the Indian Wars, and the Spanish American War. An aggressive, sometimes brilliant field officer, Miles was his own worst enemy; he was a scheming, jealous, often petty man whose inordinate vanity often ill-served him.

Miles' military career reflected the post-Civil War army. In changing times the strengths of the old army (and Nelson Miles) became weaknesses as United States military doctrine and organization faced new challenges in the twentieth century.

Miles has long deserved a scholarly biography placing his career within the context of his era. *Nelson A. Miles and the Twilight of the Frontier Army* is a judicious and readable evaluation of Miles' life and times. The intelligent but poorly educated Miles began his military career as a first lieutenant in a Massachusetts infantry unit in 1861. By 1865 Miles was a brigadier general and the controversial jailer of Confederate President Jefferson Davis.

Miles became a colonel in the reorganization of the army in 1866. He eventually participated in the Red River War of 1874 and 1875, the Yellowstone campaign of 1876, the Nez Percé War of 1877, and the Chiricahua Apache campaigns of the 1880s.

Miles was a skilled officer, but his vanity and fragile ego made him a difficult colleague. His personal enemies included Philip Sheridan, Alfred Terry, George Crook, Ranald Mackenzie, John Gibbon, Wesley Merritt, and occasionally Oliver O. Howard. George Custer was the one prominent officer that Miles liked. Of course, Custer was conveniently dead and could not interfere with Miles' ambition. Even Miles' uncle by marriage, General William T. Sherman, was exasperated with Miles' self-promotion. In April 1878, an irritated Sherman wrote Miles that there is "no vacancy now [for Miles' promotion to brigadier general] and none likely to occur except by death, and none of them [the current brigadiers] seem disposed to die to accommodate us."

Eventually other generals did die or retire, and Miles became commanding general of the United States Army. Once in that position, Miles was ill-equipped to modernize army structure and doctrine, something the force desperately needed as it entered the twentieth century. Miles also lacked the political savvy necessary to work for Presidents William McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt. After forty-two years of service, Miles retired in 1903.

Until his death Miles remained a living embodiment of the Civil War army, a compelling image of an old solider who had changed little but whose world had. "A man on the battlefield, he seemed but a boy during times of peace," writes Wooster. "Courage and military success alone

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were not enough to equip Nelson Miles, or the old army, for the twentieth century."—*Joseph C. Porter, St. Louis, Missouri*

Gold Rush Woman

"Sandy" Bowers' Widow, The Biography of Allison "Eilley" Bowers, by Barbara J. Jeffries. (Barringer Historical Books, PO Box 3141, Reno, Nevada 89505-3141. $15.95 paper bound.)

Allison "Eilley" Bowers led an exciting life that included both wealth and poverty. Most exciting was her time in the goldfields of Nevada. Author Barbara J. Jeffries has done a good job of telling Eilley's story in this fifty-one page book.

Eilley was born in Scotland in 1824 and married Stephen Hunter in 1842. The young couple joined the Mormon church and went to Salt Lake City, Utah, in 1849. Church members practiced polygamy at that time, but Eilley could not accept having another wife around the house—especially one who gave birth to a son when Eilley had not had any children.

Eilley's husband did not approve of her gift of clairvoyance, and he did not like her using a "peepstone" or crystal ball. She divorced Hunter and married Alexander Cowan. They moved from Salt Lake City to Nevada, but when the church called him back and he responded, Eilley left him, too. Later she married L.S. "Sandy" Bowers and her break from Utah and the Mormons was complete.

Life for the enterprising girl from Scotland reached a grand scale when she and Sandy hit pay dirt in Nevada's gold rush. At least one old-timer credited Eilley for discovering the famous Comstock Lode. He claimed that in her peepstone she saw gold in a hole in the ground, right where gold was later discovered.

The Bowers parlayed their holdings until they were estimated to be millionaires. In the Washoe Valley between Reno and Carson City, Nevada, they built one of the finest mansions west of the Mississippi and furnished its sixteen rooms with art treasures from Europe. Eilley discovered she could bear children and had three babies, but only one, Persia, lived beyond infancy.

Less than nine years after their marriage, the gold mining operation was in financial trouble and Sandy suddenly died at the age of thirty-five. Eilley's life went downhill. Despite the fact that she had been a partner in their holdings and a good businesswoman, she was hard pressed to maintain their elaborate home.

Ironically, Eilley's "second sight" provided an income for her in later years. She became known as the "Washoe Seeress," but she was in dire straits when her life ended.

Author Barbara Jeffries has presented the facts of Eilley's life in a professional manner. The book contains an exceptional number of photographs; however, captions on the same pages as the photos would make easier reading than captions listed at the front of the book.—*Willah Weddon, Stockbridge, Michigan.*

A Cowboy Remembers

Texas Cowboy: The Oral Memoirs of Roland A. Warnock and His Life on the Texas Frontier, by Kirby F. Warnock. (Trans Pecos Productions, PO Box 4124, Dallas, Texas 75208. $8.95 paper bound.)

When author Kirby Warnock was an eight-year-old boy, his father, Dr. Frank B. Warnock, began tape recording the cowboy recollections of Kirby's grandfather, Roland A. Warnock. Years later Kirby realized the value of the oral history and guaranteed its preservation in book form. What may have started as family enjoyment became a contribution to history.

In 1961 Roland and Frank drove to the Rio Grande Valley to retrace the elder Warnock's experiences. Roland had worked in the Rio Grande Valley when cowboys not only had to deal with nature, but violent men as well. That was during the Mexican Revolution, when Mexican guerrillas ravaged the Texas border.

Roland Warnock began cowboying when he was twelve. He experienced trail drives, although they were to railheads in Texas rather than to such traditional cattle towns as Abilene or Dodge City, Kansas. He fought Mexican bandits, broke wild horses, and nearly died from a snake bite.

Warnock has little good to say about the Texas Rangers. He tells of witnessing the murder of his unarmed father by the Sterling brothers, one of whom later became the adjutant general of Texas. He also mentions other unwarranted killings by Rangers.

This printed version of recorded

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tales has a uniqueness that readers will appreciate. Roland Warnock told honest stories of his experiences. Some are of no great importance, but most will hold any reader's interest. Some were painful to relate, such as the murder of his father and his experiences with the rattlesnake and an accidental self-inflicted gunshot wound. The emotions come through in this collection of true tales of cowboy life in a unique period in American history.—*Chuck Parsons, Smiley, Texas.*

Reopening an Old Case

The Wyoming Lynching of Cattle Kate, 1889, by George W. Hufsmith. (High Plains Press, PO Box 123, Glendo, Wyoming 82213. $22.95 cloth bound, $13.95 paper bound, $65.00 bonded leather.)

One of the most famous lynchings in western history occurred July 20, 1889, when, according to popular conception, a posse of irate cattlemen hanged rustlers Jim Averell and "Cattle Kate" (Ella Watson). Averell supposedly stole cattle on a regular basis from the area's big ranchers, while Cattle Kate allegedly traded her favors to moneyless cowboys for unbranded calves which they brought in from the range across their saddles (a decidedly unlikely and messy procedure).

Now George Hufsmith, a Wyomingite whose great-grandparents immigrated from Prussia and settled in Cheyenne in the 1870s, has revealed weighty evidence that Averell and Watson were innocent victims of a ruthless and brutal murder. Six stockmen lynched Averell and Watson: John Henry Durbin, Robert M. Galbraith, Albert John Bothwell, Tom Sun, Robert B. Conner, and Ernest McLean. Durbin, Galbraith, and Bothwell were arrogant cattle barons who bitterly resisted the intrusion of homesteaders onto government ranges where they grazed their vast herds. The settlers gained title to and fenced off choice homesteads, causing costly dislocation for pioneer cattlemen.

Jim Averell was a former army sergeant who filed a claim in the beautiful Sweetwater River Valley, but after his young wife and baby died he moved to another claim in the valley and established a road ranch and post office. Ellen (more familiarly "Ellie" or "Ella") Watson was born in Canada, later divorced an alcoholic and abusive husband, and married Averell in 1886. They kept the marriage secret so she could file a separate claim in the Sweetwater Valley, and both properties were fenced.

Bothwell was especially angered at being fenced out of a favorite hay meadow, and he tried to arouse the ire of other ranchers. Ellen accumulated a small herd of cattle, and Bothwell called five neighboring stockmen together on his former hay meadow and convinced them, apparently with the assistance of liquor, that Jim and Ellen were rustlers.

Bothwell persuaded his friends to inspect Ellen's freshly-branded calves, and Durbin furiously jerked her fence down to free animals that he thought had been stolen. Ellen's young foster son began screaming, while she insisted that she could produce a bill of sale. The men roughly forced her into the back seat of Sun's buggy, and as the ranchers approached Averell's road ranch, they seized him and placed him beside her.

The cattlemen took Jim and Ellen a considerable distance into the countryside and crudely hanged them, slowly strangling them to death. Several people witnessed the abduction, and Frank Buchanan, a close friend of both Ellen and Jim, followed the procession and tried to break up the execution with revolver fire. Rifle shots drove him away.

The cattlemen persuaded Ed Towse, a reporter for the influential Cheyenne *Daily Leader*, to depict Jim and Ellen as rustlers and general villains. While in the army Jim had fatally wounded a bullying civilian in a barroom brawl, and Towse described him as a "murderous coward" and cattle thief. Ellen was deliberately confused with two notorious Wyoming whores, "Cattle Kate" Maxwell and Ella Wilson. Competing newspapers challenged those and other misconceptions, but the witnesses began to die or move away, and high-powered legal talent secured the release of the lynchers.

Towse's story strongly influenced contemporary opinion and became generally accepted by later generations of western buffs. Hufsmith, however, presents convincing proof that Averell and Ellen were blameless, patiently building his case point by point. A lively writer, Hufsmith frequently lapses into a breezy, colloquial style which is unworthy of an otherwise impressive investigation of a fascinating and controversial topic.—*Bill O'Neal, Carthage, Texas.*

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CAPTAIN JOHN HUGHES AND POSSE VS. HORSE RUSTLERS

SEPTEMBER 28, 1896, NOGALITOS PASS, TEXAS.

By BILL O'NEAL

In September 1896 Texas Ranger Captain John Hughes received an urgent message for help against a gang of outlaws operating near Alpine, Texas. Hughes, a quick-shooting southpaw (his right arm had been crippled during a shootout when he was fifteen) known as the Border Boss, was encamped with his Company D at Ysleta near El Paso, over 220 miles from Alpine.

Hughes selected Privates Thalis Cook and R.E. Bryant to accompany him. Bryant was a former deputy sheriff, and Cook limped from a knee wound he received in a gunfight with a fugitive. When a physician had expressed pessimism over the wound, Cook instructed him to, "Bend it a little and wire it up crooked so I can ride."

On Sunday morning, September 27, the three Rangers loaded their mounts and a pack mule onto a baggage car and headed east, arriving in Alpine during a cold rain. Presidio County deputy sheriff Jim Pool and two ranchers, Jake Combs and Jim Stroud, who had lost horses to the gang, joined the Rangers at Alpine.

Stroud was an expert tracker and soon found the trail of a stolen herd. Soaked to the skin, the posse doggedly followed the trail, and at noon on Monday found the gang's campsite from the night before.

Hughes thought the outlaws were in the rolling mountains a few miles away, and that they could easily spot and fire upon an approaching posse. At the nearby McCutcheon Ranch, Beau McCutcheon and several cowboys reinforced the posse. Hughes split his party into small groups so they could close on the outlaws from several directions.

Thalis Cook, Beau McCutcheon, and Jim Stroud rode across a pasture and soon found the trail of their prey. They followed the tracks up a canyon, until someone shouted a warning from above.

"There's seven rifles pointed at you—turn around and get out of here or we'll let you have it." The outlaws were bluffing; there were only three rustlers—Ease Bixler and brothers Art and Jubel Friar

Cook had a rifle in his saddle scabbard, but McCutcheon and Stroud had only revolvers. Cook ordered the two ranchers to ride back for help, then

Author's Collection

Texas Ranger Captain John Hughes, shown in a parade in 1938, led a posse against rustlers near Alpine, Texas, in 1896.

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dismounted and took cover behind a rock. The Ranger began to exchange fire with the outlaws while the ranchers rode off to round up the others.

Hughes and Combs galloped to the scene, and Cook mounted his roan and dashed out to meet them. When the others arrived, Hughes announced that he, Cook, and Combs would charge the outlaws, while the others circled around from other directions.

As the balance of the posse moved to cut off any retreat, Hughes and his companions spurred their mounts and charged up the trail. They surged past Cook's rock before the outlaws opened fire. Hughes, Cook, and Combs leaped off their horses and, firing furiously, advanced upward. Combs had an earlobe shot away, but cowboy Arthur McMaster reinforced Hughes, and the four men sprinted toward the outlaws with guns blazing.

Jubel Friar rose to fire at Hughes, but Cook drilled him through the head with a Winchester slug. Art Friar already had taken two slugs, and he shouted, "I have had enough."

"Hands up then," ordered Cook, "and come out."

Hughes and Cook closed in and Friar emerged from cover, holding his hands shoulder high. But he had tucked a pistol inside his belt at the back, and suddenly he darted to the side and pulled the gun.

The two Rangers had their weapons leveled, however, and each man triggered a round into Friar. Friar managed to squeeze off a wild shot, then fell dead.

Suddenly gunfire erupted at the back of the hill. Bixler had managed to reach one of the stolen horses, and he galloped bareback to safety under fire. Hughes sent Cook in pursuit, and when Bixler was cornered he surrendered to the Ranger without a fight. The stolen stock was returned to the rightful owners, and Bixler went to prison. A Pecos newspaper commented, "When Captain Hughes heads a party of officers, somebody is going to get caught or killed."

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"Old Man" Waite's POCKET OF GOLD

By BEN T. TRAYWICK

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A traveler coming into the railroad station at Redding, California, early one morning, saw at eye level with his Pullman car the staring eyes of two men peering at him. Startled, he looked closer and noted that their heads were at odd angles—the men were hanging by their necks from a beam placed between two trees.

The year was 1892 and, unknown to the traveler, the two dead men were the Ruggles brothers. They had held up a stage not far from Redding, killed the express messenger, and shattered the driver's leg. They had been captured a few days later.

A mob overwhelmed the jail and administered their own brand of justice to the Ruggles boys. The result was the scene that horrified the traveler.

Such was the town of Redding just before the turn of the century, but less than fifty years earlier the place was the site of the first gold discovery in northern California. In July 1848, Major Pierson R. Reading crossed the mountains of the coast range at the head of Middle Creek, struck the Trinity River at what is now called Reading's Bar, and found many sand bars rich in gold. The major employed 150 Indians and averaged fifty-two ounces of gold each day.

A Horsetown man named Taylor decided to enter politics and about 1855 hired an old man to finish mining his claim. The hired man was called "Old Man" Waite. He mined the claim for a few weeks, then reported to Taylor that the claim was worked out and he was quitting.

Reading's Bar later became known as Horsetown. Some of the old-timers in the area still proudly show nuggets picked up years ago, some found at a place fondly called Jackass Flat.

A Horsetown man named Taylor decided to enter politics and about 1855 hired an old man to finish mining his claim. The hired man was called "Old Man" Waite. He mined the claim for a few weeks, then reported to Taylor that the claim was worked out and he was quitting.

Sometime later a man named Coughlin bought all the land, including the claim, from Taylor and started a ranch. Years passed and Coughlin farmed and ranched the land, grew to be an old man, and finally died. Waite still lived, though by then an ancient relic of the past, in a dilapidated old shack near Redding.

As the years passed, relatives occasionally arrived at Redding and forcibly took Old Man Waite back East with them. However, each time he reappeared on the streets of Redding within a few weeks.

Coughlin's son now ran a store in Redding, and one day Old Man Waite hobbled in and told him an incredible story. Waite revealed that, when he had

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started work on the Taylor claim many years before, he had uncovered a large, rich pocket of gold. Coarse gold and nuggets were plainly visible through the dirt. Greedy to have all that gold for himself, he did not report the strike to Taylor but caved the dirt bank in on the pocket to hide it.

He had intended to buy the claim from Taylor at a fraction of its real value.

Although Old Man Waite had waited years to obtain the land, by the time Coughlin died he was too old to benefit from it. As he grew older his conscience began to trouble him fiercely. That was why he had always returned to Redding every time his family took him back East. That was also why he now told his secret to Coughlin's son.

Coughlin, however, destroyed that plan when he bought the claim and turned it into a cattle ranch.

Although Old Man Waite had waited years to obtain the land, by the time Coughlin died he was too old to benefit from it. As he grew older his conscience began to trouble him fiercely. That was why he had always returned to Redding every time his family took him back East. That was also why he now told his secret to Coughlin's son. To right the wrong he had done, he offered to take the storekeeper out and show him the exact spot where the rich pocket was hidden.

Young Coughlin tried to find someone to run his store, but no one was available. Several days passed and Old Man Waite became seriously ill. The illness grew worse, turned into pneumonia, and the old man died. With him died the location of the rich gold pocket.

Although he searched dilligently, Coughlin never found the gold. No one ever found it. It still lies there on the old Buckeye Ranch near Redding.

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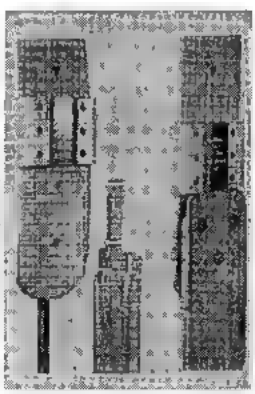

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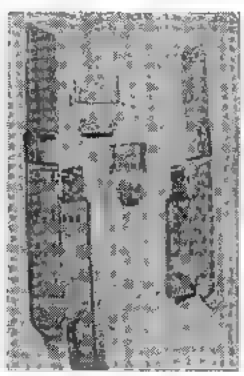

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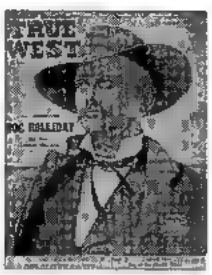

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I am seeking information on my grandfather, Walter Lee Porter. He was born in Hood County, Texas, in 1898, the son of George and Josephin Wheeler Porter. He served in World War I and also with the Texas Rangers.

He later moved to Oklahoma where he married Irene Palmer. They had four children: Jean, Walter, Deloris, and Barbara. Walter Lee died in 1963 of tuberculosis.—**Kelly Norrell, Route 1, Box 165, Davis, Oklahoma 73030.**

Dallas

I am looking for information about my great-grandfather, James M. Dallas. He was postmaster at Delaware, Indian Territory, in 1898. I would like to correspond with any of his other descendants or anyone with information about him.—**Gertrude Boyer, 913 West Shawnee, Nowata, Oklahoma 74048-2416.**

Oldright

I need information on my great-grandfather George Oldright, born January 21, 1830, in Bermuda to John and Elizabeth Clucas Oldright. He married Mary Cooper February 16, 1860, at York Mills, Ontario, Canada.

The couple soon went to Austin, Texas. They had five children. Mary died in Austin August 21, 1875. Three of the children preceded her in death; only children William John and Gertrude lived.

George and William were in Portland, Oregon, by 1892. Gertrude arrived there later and married Henry Dale in 1896 in Vancouver, Washington. They lived in Molalla and Scotts Mills, Oregon. George had homesteaded in Molalla by 1898.

George was a pattern and cabinet maker and had his own shop in Marquam, Oregon. He was living with Adolf Myers in Marquam, according to the 1910 census. George died March 9, 1915.—**Elinor Dale Scheer, 3090 Northeast Lincoln, Hillsboro, Oregon 97124.**

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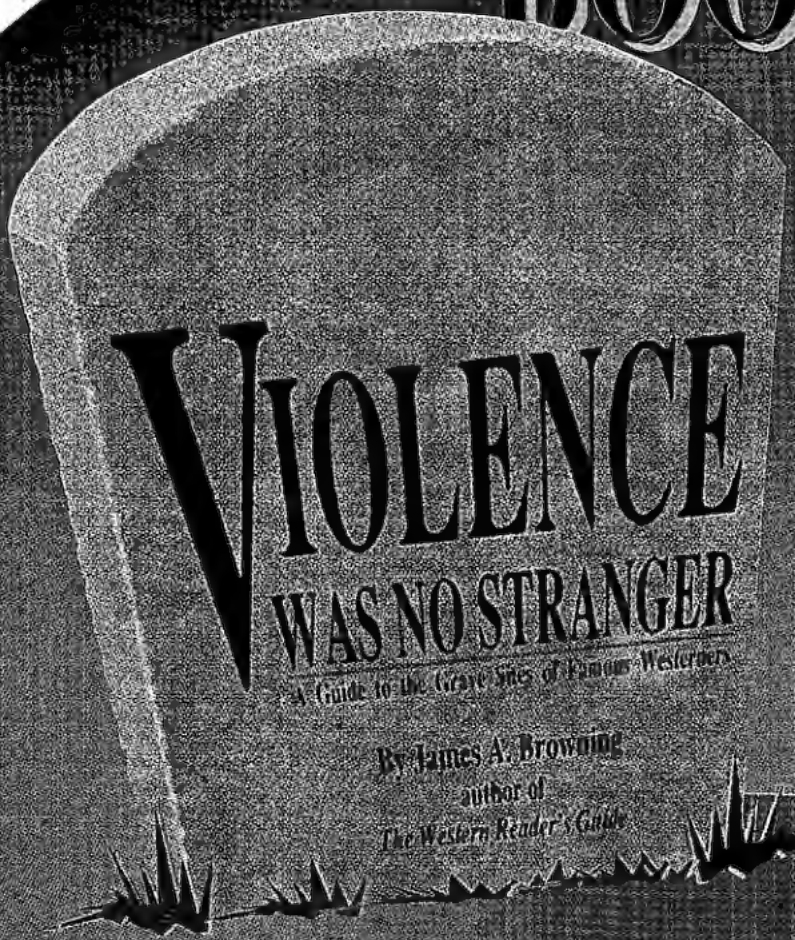

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